



FOUR NEW YORK BOYS



NEW YORK IN ABORIGINAL AND COLONIAL DAYS





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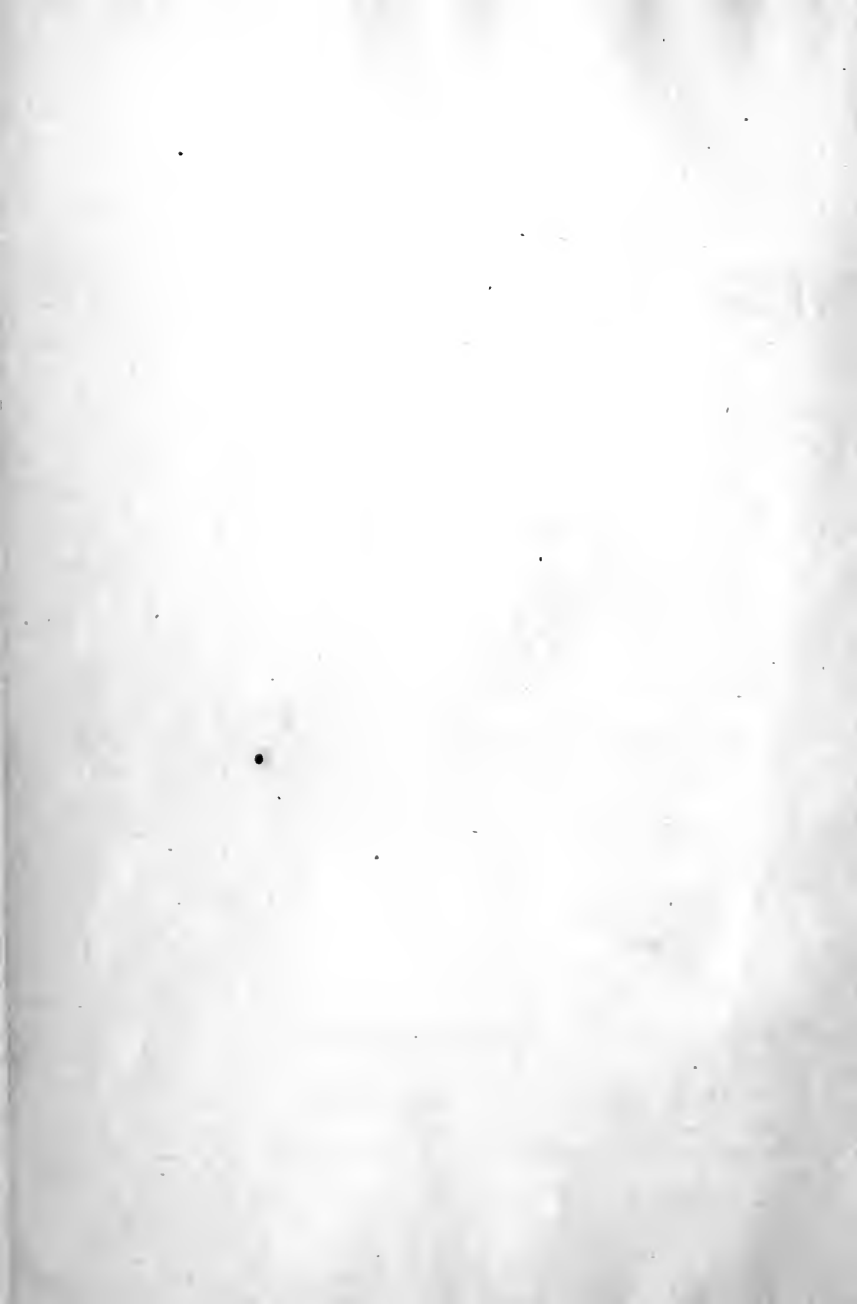
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FOUR NEW YORK BOYS

NEW YORK IN ABORIGINAL AND COLONIAL DAYS

BY

JOHN W. DAVIS

Principal Public School No. 8, Bronx, New York City.

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

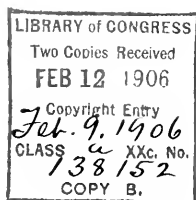
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AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

From McIntosh's "The Origin of the North American Indians."

NEW YORK
IN
ABORIGINAL AND COLONIAL DAYS



BRIGHT-EYES, THE INDIAN BOY.

Many years ago there lived in what is now New York City, a little boy named Bright-Eyes. He had big, black eyes, straight, black

hair and reddish-brown skin. He was an Indian. Only Red Men lived in our country in those days.

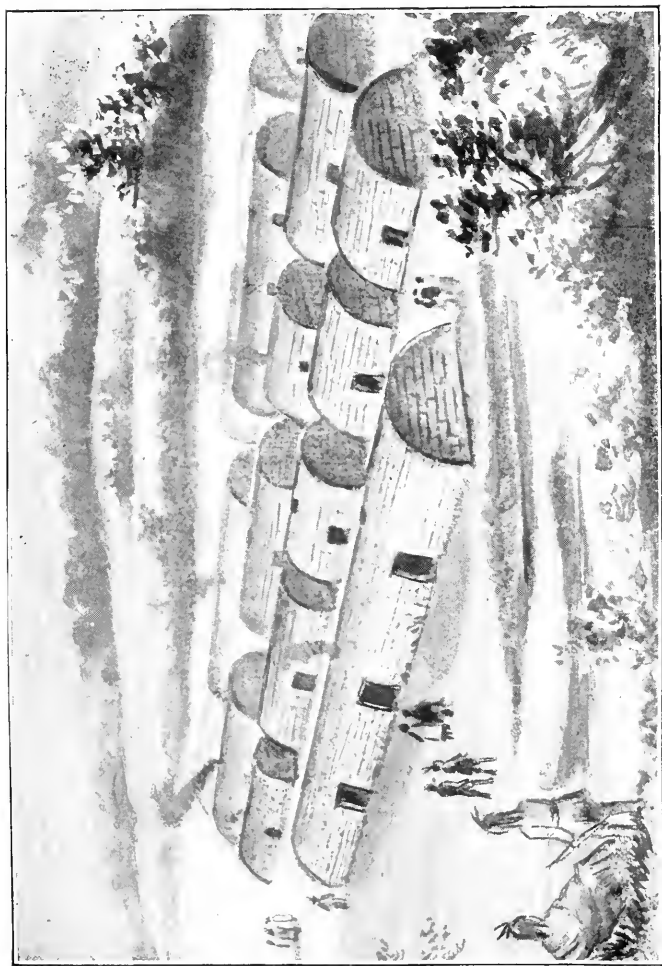
When Bright-Eyes was a baby he was called a papoose. His mother did not put him into a cradle as your mother did you when you were little. She put him into a bag, fixed to a board nearly three feet long and about eighteen inches wide. When she had to cut wood or grind the corn for meals, little Bright-Eyes and his little bed were hung up in the nearest tree. There the wind rocked him and sang him to sleep with gentle lullabies.

Bright-Eyes, with his father and mother, grandfather and grandmother, lived in a long bark hut. This hut had no windows and only one door. A hole in the roof was the only chimney. There were no beds such as we

sleep on. The beds were evergreen boughs, covered with skins and furs.

There were no streets in those days. The forests were as God had made them and were all about where Bright-Eyes lived. His father could find his way through the woods as easily as you find your way in going home from school. When his father went hunting or fishing, he might be gone for days, for he had to bring home food for his family, and he sometimes had to go a long way to get game; but he never lost his way. All his hunting had to be done on foot. Horses were not known to the Indian until the White Man brought them over.

Bright-Eyes never cried. He was trained to keep quiet. Sometimes when he was fastened to his sleeping-board, his mother would loosen his arms. Then he would play with



AN EARLY VIEW OF MANHATTAN.

From an old print.

the bone toys tied to the wooden bow arched over his face and fastened to the board at each side. This was to protect his head and face should the board fall. When he grew old enough to walk, he was no longer put to bed on his sleeping-board. That was then put away, and he never used it again.



When his mother went out to till the ground, or to gather wood for the fire, Bright-Eyes went with her and played about the spot where she was working. In the



spring he watched the birds and the squirrels, and listened to their calls. He learned to know the robin, the thrush, the black-bird, the blue jay, and the oriole. He loved the robin best of all.

When he awoke at daybreak and went out into the woods, it was Robin Redbreast's morning song that said to him, "Fine day, fine day, Bright-Eyes!" At twilight, when he went into the lodge to go to sleep, he could hear the robin singing to him, "Good-night, good-night, Bright-Eyes! Sleep well! Sleep well!"

There was one bird he was afraid of, though — the owl. At times during the night, Bright-

Eyes would be wakened out of a sound sleep by the hooting of an owl. This would frighten him. His mother would tell him, then, in a low voice, so as not to waken any of the other sleepers, of the little Indian boy who was once carried away by an owl because he cried. Then Bright-Eyes, to show he was not afraid, would try to go to sleep again.



Bright-Eyes was very proud when he was given his first pair of moccasins. These were made of deerskin, and were fastened up the front with deerskin thongs. He wore no stockings. There were no heels on his new

shoes, as there are on yours. So, when he walked, his toes turned in.

One day, to try his new moccasins, he took a walk by himself in the woods. He had not gone far, when he heard a rattle. This was a new sound to him. He stood still, as he had been taught to be very cautious. Looking about him, he saw in front of him, some little distance away, something waving a vicious looking head to and fro.

Bright-Eyes was frightened, as he had never seen anything of this kind before. He heard another rattle. This time he turned and ran as fast as his little legs could carry him towards home. When he reached the lodge, he rushed up to his grandfather, who was sitting outside, and breathlessly told him his adventure. When he had finished, his grandfather told him the story of

THE SNAKE.



In old times there was a tribe of Indians who were very saucy. They often talked too

much, and said too little. Kuloskap, the Good Spirit, was very angry with them. But in his great love for all Indians, he told them when the Great Flood was coming, so that they might secure themselves against it.

Instead of trying to save themselves, however, they only laughed at him and said they did not care. Kuloskap told them the water would come over their heads. To this they replied that they would be very wet. He told them to be good and quiet, and to pray. They

only shouted, and shook their rattles at him. These rattles were made of turtle-shells fastened together, with pebbles inside, and, when shaken hard, made a great noise.

To show their contempt for Kuloskap, they had a great dance, shaking their rattles all the time. Then the rain began to fall; but they kept on dancing. The thunder pealed. They yelled at the thunder, and shook their rattles at it. Then Kuloskap determined to punish them. He did not wish to see them drown in the flood, so he changed them into rattle-snakes.

Thus the bad Indians became bad snakes. When they see an Indian coming, they lift up their heads, and move them to and fro—for that is the way snakes dance—and then they shake the rattles in their tails, as Indians shake their rattles when they dance.

So it was that Bright-Eyes learned about the bad snakes.

One day, not long after, Bright-Eyes saw, in a nearby meadow, a lot of golden flowers, such as he had never seen before. He ran to the meadow and plucked some of the flowers, which he took to his grandfather, asking him what they were. His grandfather, instead of telling him the name directly, told him the story of

THE DANDELION.

I am going to tell you of the sorrow of the South Wind. He is soft, and sweet, and gentle. He breathes upon us and soothes us. The fruits and flowers love him, for his



breath is sweet to them. But alas! he is very lazy.

One day he looked toward the north and saw a dear little golden-haired girl dancing in a meadow. She seemed to nod and smile at him. He loved this little girl, and wished to have her near him. Every day he would say, "I will go to her some day and bring her to my home in South Land."



But he waited too long, for on looking for her one day he saw his little Golden-Hair was changed. Her hair was no longer gold. It had been changed to silver. "Alas!" sighed South Wind. "I have waited too long. My

swift brother, North Wind, has sent his Frost Spirit to touch her with his wand."

And when he looked again, the air seemed to be filled with soft, feathery stars. He looked and wondered. Next morning he looked north to find his little girl, but she had gone. "Ah! now I know that those little stars were frost spirits, come to take my little girl to my brother in North Land," said the South Wind.

He never knew that it was little Miss Dan-



delion growing in the meadow who had the golden locks, nor that the feathery stars were little seed wings. So he sighs and sighs for her always.

The day after, Bright-Eyes took his grandfather to show him the dandelions. On their way, as they passed a stream, they frightened a bird which was nesting on the edge of the bank, and it tried to get into the water. It was very clumsy on land, but as soon as it reached the water it could swim and dive as no other bird Bright-Eyes had ever seen could do.

“What is it, Grandfather?” said Bright-Eyes.

“It is a diver,” was the reply. “He is a small bird, though his cousin, called the loon, who lives where the Frost-spirit does, is larger.”

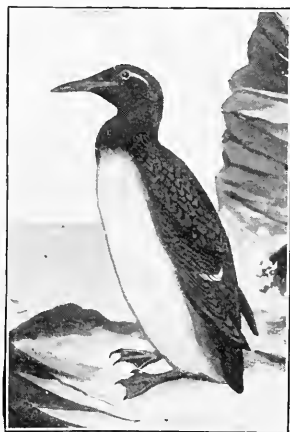
“Why are his feet so far behind?” was Bright-Eyes’ next question.

His grandfather's reply was the story of

HOW THE LOON HAD HIS LEGS PLACED SO
FAR BEHIND.

Nanaboozho, a mischievous spirit, was hungry, and as he was on the shores of a lake at the time, thought he would like some water-fowl for dinner.

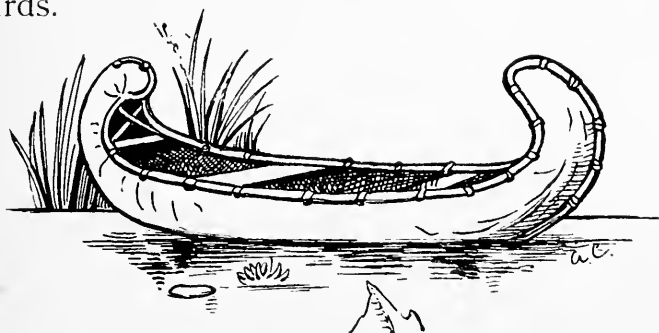
He called a council of the aquatic birds, saying he had an important secret to tell them. There came to his wigwam geese, ducks, herons, gulls, bitterns and a loon. He asked them in and told them they would have to be blindfolded and dance around in a circle, and after the dance was over he would tell them the secret.



So he blindfolded them, and started them around. As the loon passed Nanaboozho he heard a peculiar sound as of some one gasping for breath. So, while going around again, he managed to get one eye free, and saw Nanaboozho grasp a wild goose by the leg, wring its neck and throw the body behind him.

The loon told the goose who was dancing behind him what Nanaboozho was doing. The goose told the bird behind him, so that in turn everyone soon knew that Nanaboozho was trying to get something to eat, and that was his only secret. So the birds rushed out of the wigwam, after taking off their blindfolds, the loon being last. When Nanaboozho saw what was happening, he became very angry, rushed after the loon, and jumped on his back. Ever since the loon has had a flat back, and his legs grow at the end of his body so that he

has never been able to walk as do other birds.

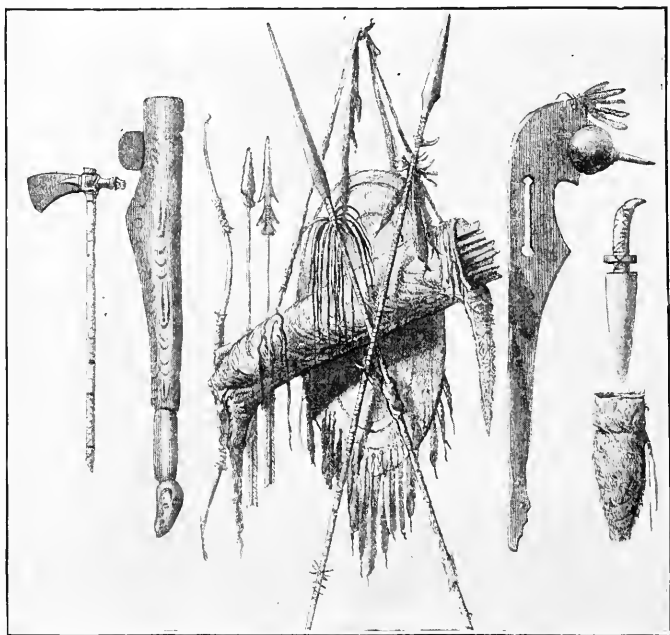


So Bright-Eyes played about summer and winter, spring and fall, learning from his grandfather much about the birds and animals, trees and flowers.

When he was six years old, his father began to take him out on little trips. One day in the summer Bright-Eyes went with his father to fish. Near where they lived was a good fishing-ground. It was low tide when they reached the shore.

The father left his boy on the bank with the

canoe whilst he went and got some sand-worms. After he had brought these back to the canoe, he waded to a shallow place, where



INDIAN WEAPONS.

After Catlin.

he gathered some oysters. These he brought to shore and put in a cool spot under a tree. Then he told Bright-Eyes to gather some wood

for a fire. When the wood was made ready, he started the fire by rapidly revolving a short stick in the hollow of a piece of dry wood, and putting the light, which he thus obtained,



underneath the pile of wood. He cooked the oysters, and he and his son ate them, after which they divided a watermelon they had found growing nearby.

After finishing their meal, the father made a drinking-cup out of birch bark from a nearby tree and took a drink out of a clear, cool spring near at hand. He also gave Bright-Eyes a drink.

They were now ready to go fishing. The tide had risen, and the father easily slid the canoe into the water. Then he carefully placed his son in the bow. Finally he got into the stern with his paddle, and off they went.

He paddled until he reached a good shady place to fish in, near the shore. Here he put the prow of his canoe on the bank, so that his boat would remain steady. He made his line ready. It was made from the sinews of the deer. His hook was made of bone. His sinker was a stone. He put a worm on his hook, and dropped it into the water. Bright-

Eyes said nothing all this time. His father had told him to watch.

Scarcely had the line gone overboard, than there was a tug at it. The father pulled in and landed a nice striped bass. Again he baited, and again he cast his line over. Another tug, and another fish; this time a blackfish. So he fished and fished until it was almost sunset—time for them to go home.

Just as they were about to make ready to go home, there came a very heavy tug on the line. The father tried to pull the line in. It would not come at first; it seemed as if the fish were stronger than the man. The fish pulled, and the man pulled. The man said "Ugh!" but even that did not bring the fish in. The man said "Ugh!" again, and pulled harder. This time the fish didn't come, but

the line did; and the man nearly tumbled out of the boat.

Then Bright-Eyes spoke. He said, "Biggest fish got away, didn't he?" It has been so ever since. The biggest fish always gets away.

Home they paddled. The mother was waiting for them. She took the fish and cooked them, just as they were, in an earthen vessel placed over the fire burning in the middle of the floor of the lodge, and put some cakes, made of Indian meal, to cook in the hot ashes.



When the meal was ready, the pot was taken from over the fire and placed on the floor, the cakes alongside it. The men and boys gathered around it, and sat down, each with a wooden bowl and a wooden spoon.



INDIAN BOWLS.

Each took out of the pot what he thought he needed, the oldest helping himself first, put it into his bowl, and began to eat. When they had finished, the women were permitted to eat, not before.

Bright-Eyes was now old enough to learn how to use a bow and arrow. One day, in the



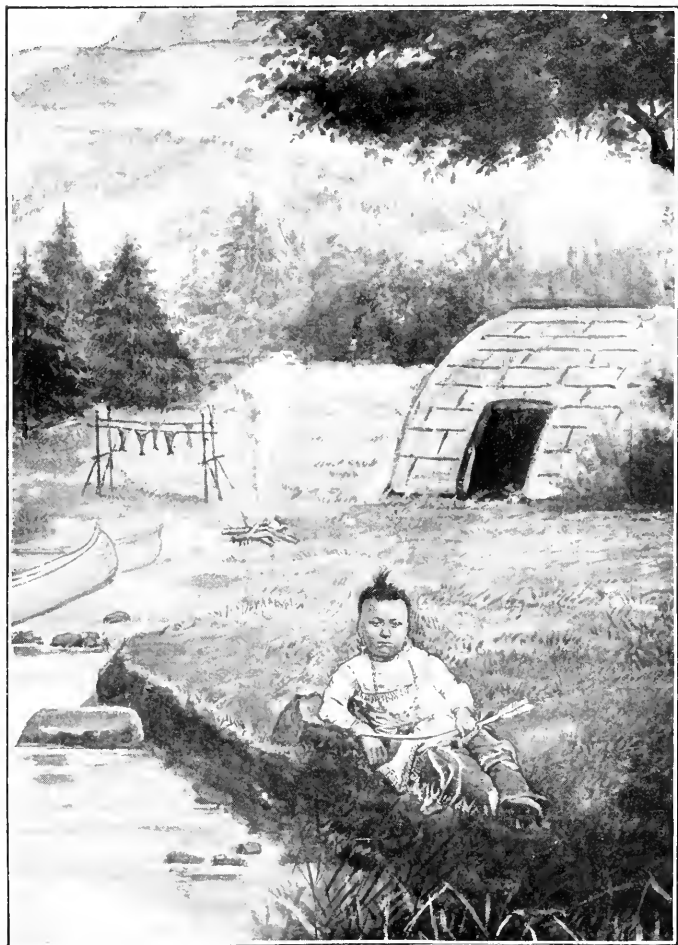
INDIAN DRESS.

early summer, he went with his father into the woods. Here his father looked for a hickory sapling. When he found it, he cut off a straight piece with his stone hatchet. They took it home, where the father soon made it

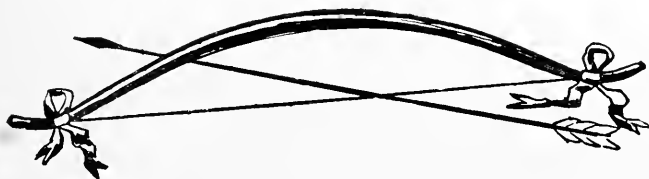


into a bow, scraping it with a piece of sharp stone. He strung it with deer sinew. The arrows he made from alder. One end of each was sharpened by burning, afterwards being rubbed to a point on a stone.

Bright-Eyes was very proud of his bow and arrow, and practised with it all day long.



Soon he could hit a mark at twenty feet ; then at twenty-five feet. When he could do this, he took part with the other boys of the village in the



ARROW GAME.

All the smaller boys, who were just learning to use the bow and arrow, gathered around one of the larger boys, in the centre of the village. Each, large and small, had his bow and arrow. The big boy would say "Ready!" when each little fellow would fix an arrow to his bow. Then, when they were all ready, the big boy would shoot his arrow upward, and all the other boys would shoot theirs upward, too, trying to make their arrows go as high as his

had gone. The one who did this the oftenest won the game.

At first Bright-Eyes thought he would never win, as many of the other boys were bigger and stronger than he. But he kept on trying and trying. His muscles became harder and stronger, and in time he could use his bow as well as any of his comrades.

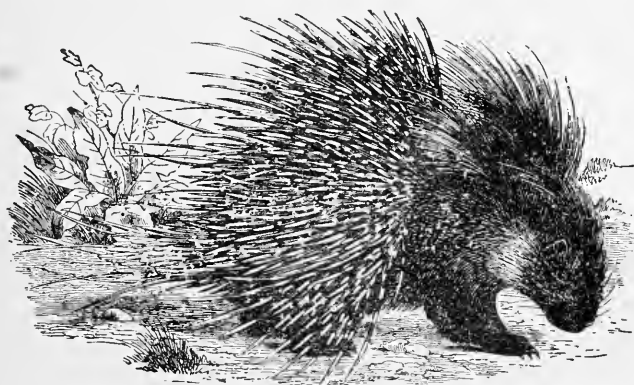
Sometimes, after the arrow game, the boys played foot-ball.

When Bright-Eyes became a good shot, he told his mother one day he would try to stop the chipmunks from stealing her corn. So he took his bow and arrow and went out to watch for the thieves. He watched all day until nearly sunset before he saw them. When he did catch sight of them, he shot an arrow at one and killed it. He picked it up and went home with it, where he showed it in

great glee. His mother cooked it for his supper.

After supper they sat around the fire, and his grandfather told the story of

HOW THE CHIPMUNK WAS MARKED.



FORCUPINE.

In old times the animals thought they would make a tribe and have a chief. They made the porcupine the chief, because nothing could hurt him.

One day the chief sent word to all the tribe

to meet him that night by the big oak tree for a talk. There came the bear, the beaver, the fox, the wild-cat, the wolf, the rabbit, the weasel, the raccoon, the squirrel, the skunk, the otter, the marten, the muskrat, the chip-



munk, and the deer. They sat in a wide circle around a fire of logs, and waited for the porcupine to speak. When he saw all the tribe was there, he said :

"Some of you have told me that there is not enough daylight for you; others that there is not enough night. I have called you together to talk it over. Let Mr. Bear begin."



The bear stood up and said he didn't want any daylight at all. What he wanted was night all the time, and so did his brothers, the wildcat, the wolf, the fox, the weasel, and the skunk. But the other animals wanted daylight, and said so.

The bear kept grunting, "Night always,

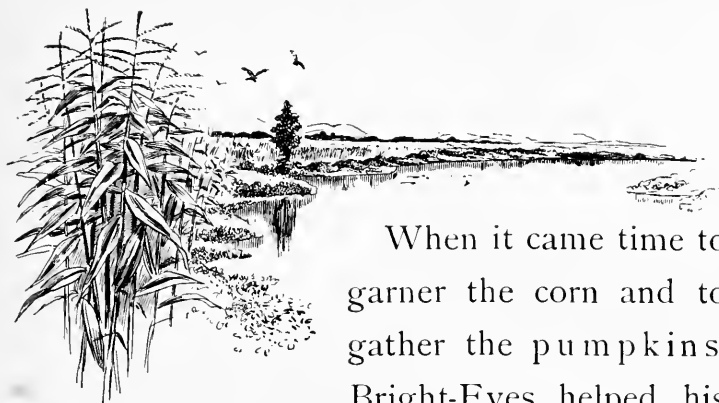
night always," while the others were talking, and the chipmunk kept chattering, "Light, light, light." This kept on for some time and before the animals knew it, dawn began to appear in the eastern sky.

When the bear saw the morning breaking, he was very angry and ran to catch the chipmunk to punish him for calling "Light."

The chipmunk saw the bear coming and ran for an oak tree with the bear after him. Just as the chipmunk reached the tree and sprang up the trunk, the bear reached forth his paw to catch the little chatterer. He was not near enough to catch Chippy, but two of the long



nails in his paw struck Chippy in the back, and made the two stripes the little fellow has worn ever since.



When it came time to garner the corn and to gather the pumpkins, Bright-Eyes helped his mother, as he was now big enough to be of use in gathering their crops. When the corn had all been gathered and the pumpkins safely stored for the winter, his grandfather told him the story, one evening, as they sat around the fire, of

HOW CORN AND BEANS WERE BROUGHT TO THE INDIANS.

When the Indians came to the earth the first bird they saw was the crow. He was not afraid of the Red Men, because they were good to him.



The Red Men had no corn nor beans. The crow thought and thought as to how he could return the many kindnesses of the Red Men. He said to himself one day, "Suppose I should get the seed of corn and beans for them? They would then have something to eat beside game and fish."

He made up his mind to get the seed. So, one day, off he flew, far, far away to the southwest. Here lived the Spirit of the South Wind, a lazy, old man. The crow flew and flew until he saw the old man. Then he flew down to the feet of the old man and said to

him, "Please give me one grain of corn and one bean."

"For whom do you want them?" said the South Wind.

"For my friend, the Red Man. He has neither corn nor beans," was the reply.

"Why do you wish to give them to the Red Man?" said the South Wind.

"Because he has been good to me," said the crow.

The South Wind then gave the grain of corn and the bean to the crow, and told him how they should be planted to make them grow.

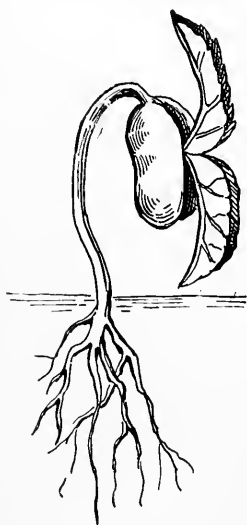
The crow put the grain into one ear and the bean into the other. Then he thanked the South Wind and away he flew. He flew and flew until he got back to his



friends. He gave the two grains to the Indians and told them how they were to be planted.

But the men would not plant them. They were above that kind of work. The seed were given to the squaws to plant, and ever since they have done the planting and the harvesting.

Sometimes the crow helps nowadays to gather the corn, because he claims that without him there would have been no corn to plant and therefore none to grow.



Bright-Eyes had no school-house to go to. His school was all outdoors and his grandfather was his teacher. The first thing he was taught was

respect for his elders. He was not permitted to join in their talks, nor could he speak in their presence unless asked to do so.



When Bright-Eyes came from the woods his grandfather would say to him, "What new birds have you seen to-day?" On which side of the tree does the moss grow?" "What bushes grow near the water?" Other days he would ask questions about the rabbit, or the beaver, or the otter, and thus find out what his grandson was learning. And Grandfather, when Bright-Eyes answered well, would tell

him stories of the animals and birds. Here are some of them :



THE OWL AND THE RAVEN.

The owl and the raven were fast friends. One day the raven made a new dress, dappled white and black, for the owl, who in return made a pair of moccasins for the raven, and also began to make a white coat for him. But when it was time to try it on, the raven kept hopping about and would not stand still. The owl got angry and said: "Now stand still or

I shall pour out the lamp over you." As the raven continued hopping about, the owl fell into a passion and poured the oil upon him. Then the raven cried "Caw! Caw!" and since that day has been black all over.

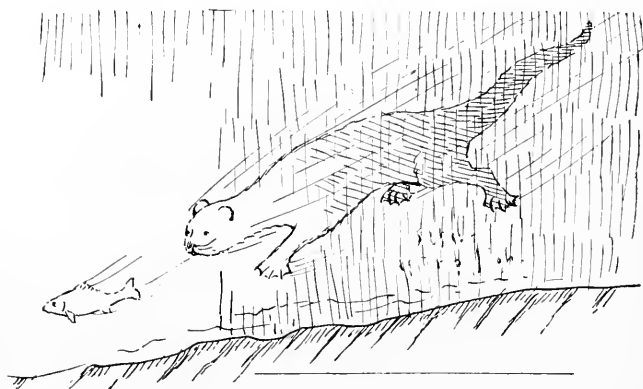


THE RABBIT AND THE OTTER.

Once there was a very cold, hard winter, and the Rabbit, who lived with his grandmother, had hard work to get even a little food for his family. Snow and ice were everywhere, and go where he would he could find but little to eat.

One day, while going through the forest, he

came to a river on the bank of which stood a lonely lodge. Going up to it and looking inside, he saw the Otter. The Otter saw him at the same time and asked Rabbit to enter and to stay for dinner. Master Rabbit was very glad to accept.



OTTER.

No sooner had Rabbit been welcomed than Otter told his housekeeper to prepare the fire, while he would go down to the river to catch some fish.

Down he slid, Master Rabbit watching him,

and dove into the water through a hole in the ice. Soon he re-appeared from under the ice with a mess of fish, which he gave to the housekeeper to prepare for dinner. These were soon cooked and eaten.



OTTER.

After dinner they chatted awhile, but all the time Master Rabbit was thinking that what Otter could do, *he* could do. When they had finished their chat, Master Rabbit arose to go home, and in bidding his host "Goodbye," asked him to be his guest the following day. Otter accepted the invitation.

When Master Rabbit reached home, he said

to his grandmother, "Let us move our wigwam nearer the water." They moved their lodge to the edge of the lake, and Master Rabbit made a smooth, icy path, on which he could slide down from the wigwam to the water.

Next day, when Otter called, Master Rabbit said to his grandmother, "Get dinner ready."

His grandmother said, "With what, Grandson?"

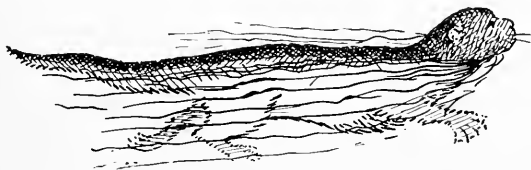
Master Rabbit said, "I'll see to that," and started to slide down the smooth path he had made, so that he might reach the water and catch fish as did the Otter. Not knowing how to guide himself, he slid this way and that, and finally, just before reaching the lake, he turned completely around and fell tail first into the icy water through an air hole.

What was he to do! He did not know how to swim. He gasped for breath, struggled and

was nearly drowned. All thought of fishing had left his head. What he wanted was to get ashore.

Otter, by the wigwam, had noticed Master Rabbit was trying to do something, but what it was he could not make out, so he said to the grandmother standing beside him, "What ails your grandson?"

"It looks to me," said the grandmother, "as if he had seen somebody do that, and that he is trying to do the same."



A light broke in on the Otter. He slid quickly down to where Master Rabbit was struggling in the water and helped poor Bunny out. Master Rabbit, shivering, limped into the

wigwam to be nursed by his grandmother, while Otter slid into the water and soon came up with a string of fish. But, disgusted with Master Rabbit for attempting what he could not perform, he threw the fish on the ground in front of the wigwam and went home without dining.

MASTER RABBIT AND THE WOODPECKER GIRLS.

After Master Rabbit got well, he was wandering one day in the woods.

As he was walking along, he came to a wigwam, in which was a number of young women, all with red head-dresses — the Misses Woodpecker. Seeing him, the young ladies asked him to come in and have dinner with them. Master Rabbit, well pleased with the invitation, assented.

One of the girls, taking a wooden dish, ran



up the trunk of the nearest tree. She stopped now and then, and, tapping at the bark, took from here and there, little white insects. These she brought down, and, soon after, they were served for

dinner. Master Rabbit put on his thinking-cap again, just as he had done after dining with Otter.

“That’s the easiest way in the world to get a dinner,” he said to himself. “I’ll have to try it.”

On bidding farewell to the ladies, he thanked them for their hospitality, asked them to dine with him next day; and it was so arranged.

Next day, when the young ladies appeared, Master Rabbit began to play woodpecker. He took a piece of sharpened wood, and fastened it on his nose for a bill. Then he started to climb the trunk of the nearest tree, and sad work he made of that. He pecked and pecked at the bark with his home-made bill, but no insects did he get. He soon resembled the woodpeckers in one thing—he had

a red crest, for his head was cut by his home-made bill, and the blood ran down over his eyes.

“What is he trying to do?” said the Woodpecker ladies.

“It looks to me,” said his grandmother, “as if he had seen somebody



do that, and that he is trying to do the same."

The Woodpeckers laughed at his plight, and one of them said, "Come down and give me your dish."

He did so, and she ran up the trunk with it, and soon came down with the dinner. But it was a long time before Master Rabbit heard the last of his trying to play woodpecker.



THE MARTEN AND THE RABBIT.

One day Master Rabbit and Marten sat next each other at a dinner given by Wolf.

Master Rabbit was putting on airs, trying to show he was used to better society than that around him, and was accustomed to living among great people.

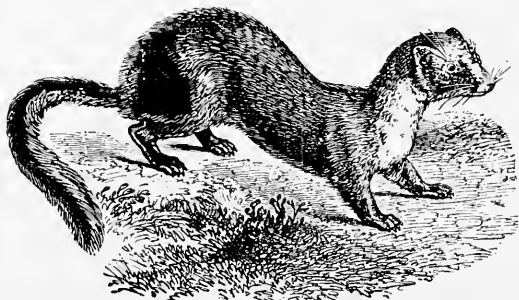
Master Rabbit smoothed down his white fur, and said to Marten, "This is the only kind of coat worn by aristocrats." Marten had on a brown coat.

Marten quietly asked, "If that be so, how did you come by it?"

"It shows," said Master Rabbit, "that I always associate with gentlemen."

"How did you get that slit in your lip?"

asked Marten, who knew very well that Master Rabbit was drawing the long bow.



MARTEN.

"Ah!" replied Master Rabbit, "in my home we use knives and forks. One day, my knife slipped and I cut my lip."

"And why are your mouth and whiskers always going, even when you are still?"

"I am thinking; planning great affairs; always worrying. So I am always talking to myself, you see."

"But why do you always hop? Why don't you walk, as other people do?"

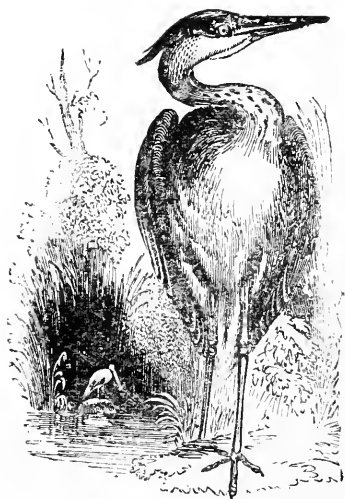
"Ah! that's *our* style. We city folks are different from the country people. We have our own way of getting over the ground."

Another story Bright-Eyes liked was that of

THE KING FISHER.

The King Fisher had two brothers, Crane and Wolf.

Crane was very lazy, and would do nothing



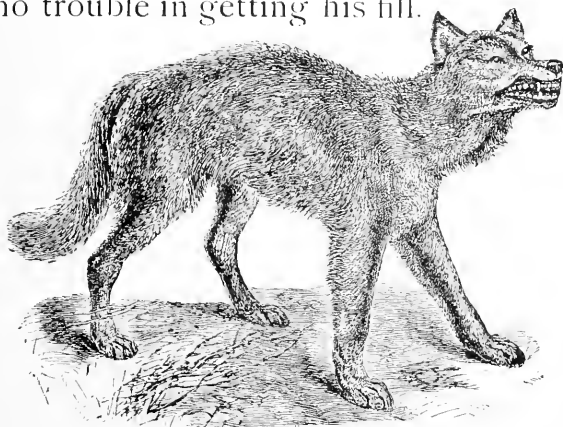
CRANE.

unless he had to. One day he was very hungry, and, being too lazy to cook dinner, he went to see his brother Wolf just at dinner-time. Wolf was polite, and asked Crane to dinner. So they sat down when dinner was ready. All

they had was soup, served in a broad, flat dish. Crane's bill was so long he could get but little of the soup; but Wolf had no trouble in lapping up all he wanted.

Not to be outdone in politeness, Crane asked Wolf to sup with him next day. Wolf came at the appointed time, and they sat down to supper. The meal was only soup. It was a very nice soup, and was placed on the table

in a long-necked pitcher. Poor Wolf could get none at all, while Crane, with his long bill, had no trouble in getting his fill.



WOLF.

A few days after, Wolf and Crane went to breakfast with King Fisher. King Fisher, it being early in the morning, had no food on hand, so he said, "Please wait until I catch our breakfast."

They watched him as he ran out on the bough of a tree overspreading a stream. It was not long before he spied a fish in the

water. Quickly reaching down, he caught the fish. He brought it to the ground, had it cooked, and they were soon at breakfast.

When Wolf saw how easily Blue Jay had caught the fish, he said to himself, "That is a very easy thing to do, and I am going to do it."

After breakfast, Wolf asked his two brothers to sup with him next day. When they came, to show how smart he was, he ran down to the shore, and out on a tree, leaning over the river, as he had seen Blue Jay do, to watch for a fish. He saw one, reached out for it, over-



balanced, fell into the river, and was swept away.

So much for trying to do things we do not know how to do.



When Bright-Eyes was old enough, his father made him a canoe and a paddle. But he would not let him use it until he learned to swim. His father taught him how, and when he could swim like a frog, he was told to get into his canoe and paddle it.

He got into his canoe, but he didn't paddle it. He was not careful enough, so the canoe turned over with him, and into the water he went. When he came up, he swam to his boat, turned it right side up, and got in. But though he tried hard, he could not make it go

straight. It went first one way and then another, so he gave it up for the day and walked home.

He told his grandfather his experiences, and his grandfather told him the story of.



THE PARTRIDGE AND THE CANOE.

In the old days the Partridge was the canoe builder for all the birds.

When he had finished the canoes, the birds came together to try them. First appeared the eagle. He got into his canoe and paddled off, using the ends of his wings as paddles. Then came the owl, doing the same, and after him, the heron, the blue jay, the



BLUE JAY.

snipe, and the crow went sailing proudly by. Even the tiny humming-bird had a little canoe, which he was propelling with a little paddle hardly an inch long.

But there was no boat for the builder.

When he was asked why, he was silent at first and answered only by shaking his head. After much questioning, he finally told them that he was going to build a canoe for himself such as no bird's eye had ever seen. It would be a marvel.

And the Partridge built his boat in this wise: He reasoned that if a boat having two ends could be paddled in two directions, backward

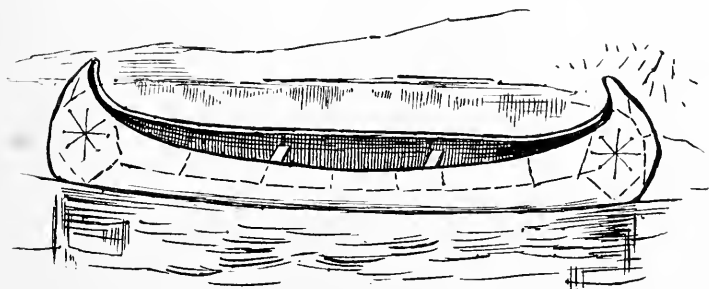
and frontward, one which was all ends — all round — could be paddled backwards, frontwards, sideways, and every other way. So he made him a boat in shape like his nest, and sent for the birds to come to see him sail it.

They all came, and when they saw the new canoe they wondered that they had never thought of such a thing as building a circular boat. But what was their astonishment to find that when Partridge entered his canoe and started to paddle, his boat would not go ahead at all! It just turned around and

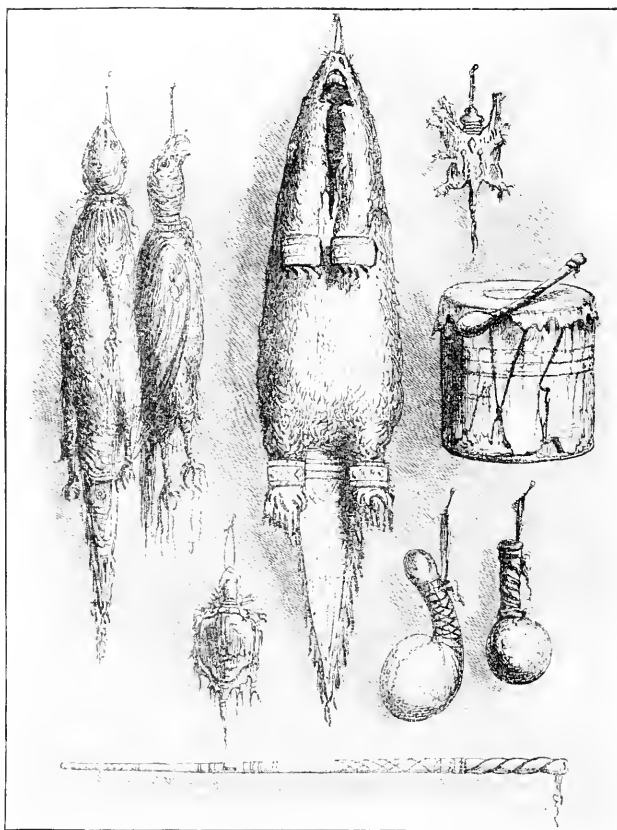


SNIPE.

around! Try as he would he could not make it go any other way. So he went ashore and flying far inland hid himself under the low bushes, where he yet remains.



Bright-Eyes said nothing after the story was finished, but made up his mind that he would learn to paddle very soon. Next morning, bright and early, he was out on the water with his canoe and paddle. He worked and worked, but he could not make the boat go straight ahead. Suddenly, however, he caught the trick of turning the wrist of the hand near the blade so as to keep the canoe in a straight course.



INDIAN MEDICINE BAG, MYSTERY WHISTLE, RATTLES AND DRUM *After Catlin.*

Then he started for home to tell his grandfather that he could paddle.

Just as he reached home, a very severe thunder storm came up. While he was telling his story the thunder roared and the lightning flashed as Bright-Eyes had never seen it do before. When he had finished, his grandfather praised him for his hard work in learning to paddle, and, as a reward told him the story of



THE THUNDER MEN.

Once an Indian while out hunting was caught in a severe thunder storm. The roaring wind whirled him up and set him down in

the village of Thunders, up in the sky. There he saw a number of people who looked like men, but who wore wings that could be taken off and laid aside.

The Great Chief of the Thunders, hearing of the stranger's arrival, sent for him and asked him to become one of them. This he consented to do.

They put him into a large cave, and in a little while he lost his senses. When he awoke he was a Thunder. They brought him a pair of wings and he put them on. He flew about as did his fellows and followed all their ways.

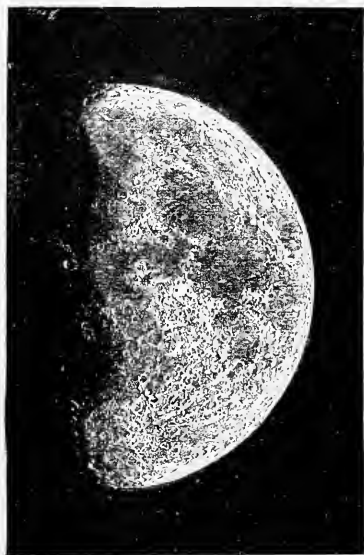
They always flew toward the south looking for a big bird which they wished to kill, but they never succeeded in doing so. As they flew the motion of their wings made a great roar, and this was thunder. To amuse themselves they played ball across the sky.

This went on for a long time. Then the Indian began to tire of his new friends. He told the Chief he wished to go to his family on earth. The Chief was very kind. He told his people that their new brother was very lonesome and wished to return to his family. They were sorry to lose him, but they loved him so much they decided to make him happy by returning him to earth.

One day, the Indians saw a great thunderstorm draw near. While the thunder was rumbling overhead they saw something in the shape of a human being coming down with the lightning. They ran to the spot where it came down, and there was their long-lost brother, who had been gone many years.

Then his grandfather the next day would tell him the story of

THE SUN AND MOON.



A long time ago there was a mighty medicine man who gained so much power that he at last was able to raise himself to the heavens, taking with him his sister, a beautiful girl, and a fire. To the fire he added great quantities

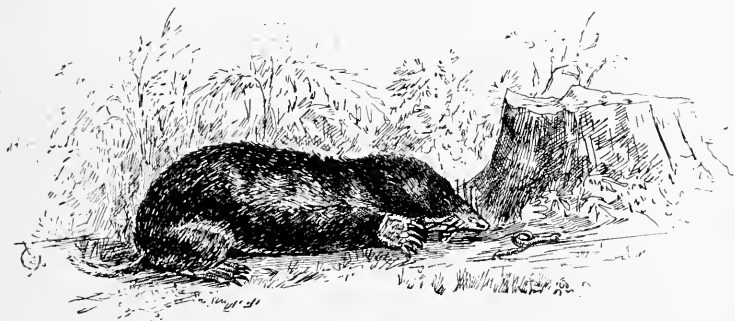
of fuel, which thus formed the sun.

He and his sister lived very happily for some time, but one day they disagreed, and in anger he scorched the side of her face with the fire. She ran away from him and became the moon, and so continues till this day. Her brother is still in chase of her, but although

he gets near, he never overtakes her. When it is new moon, the burnt side of her face is towards us; when it is full moon, the reverse is the case.

Seeing that Bright-Eyes became more and more interested in the heavens, his grandfather one evening told him the story of the great darkness, or

HOW THE MOLE WAS MADE BLIND.



In the old days the sun punished a boy named Shooter-of-Birds, who was needlessly killing song birds, by burning his fine coat made of the feathers of birds killed by him.

The boy was angry at the sun and tried to shoot it. But he found he could not make his arrows go so far. The sun smiled as the boy tried to shoot him, and this made Shooter-of-Birds more angry. "You'll be sorry," he said to the sun, and went into the wood to think over a plan by which he could punish the sun. He thought and thought, and finally said, "I have it. I'll catch the sun in a trap."

So that night he made a large, strong trap. In the morning he crept up into the sky, set it in the track of the sun, and tied it with a great cord to a mountain top.

The sun fell into the trap. "Who has done this?" he cried.

"I did," shouted Shooter-of-Birds, "and I am going to keep you there forever."

As there was no sun, it soon began to get

cold and dark on the earth, and as day after day passed, there was no rain, the flowers began to die, the grass turned from green to brown, the leaves fell from the trees, and the corn would not grow; and no corn meant starvation to the red men. All this time Shooter-of-Birds would not tell what was the matter, although he heard on all sides the question, "Where is the sun?"

And the animals grew fearful and were called together in council by the Porcupine. All were there around the council fire, large and small. They talked over what was best to do, and they decided to go in a body to try to find out what had become of the sun. Off they started, the Porcupine in the lead, followed by the bear, the beaver, the fox, the wild-cat, the wolf, the rabbit, the weasel, the raccoon, the squirrel, the skunk, the otter, the

fisher, the marten, the muskrat, the chipmunk, the deer, and the mole.

They walked and walked for many days, with no sign of the sun. And one day the bear suddenly said, "It's



no use. I'm so hungry, I'll eat all of you," and when the wolf heard this, he said he, too, was hungry.

And the small animals, hearing these two, were afraid, and ran away; and those who were left said, "It is no use going any farther," and down they sat, all except the mole.

But the little mole crept on. "For," said he, "everybody and everything will die without the sun; I must find it." He crept on and

on, day after day, until one morning he saw a faint light in the distance. "Perhaps that is the sun," he said to himself, and he hastened forward.

And when he got to the trap he saw how the sun was caught.

"If you could only break the cord," said the sun, "that would open the trap, and I could then look on the earth once more."

"I will try," said the brave little fellow, and at the cord he went with his little teeth. He was so close to the sun that it seemed as if he would burn up. But he gnawed and gnawed at the cord, though it seemed as if his eyes would be burned out of his head, until at last the cord broke, the trap flew open and the sun went on his course.

But the brave little mole has been blind ever since.



INDIANS TRAVELLING ON SNOW-SHOES.

The next winter Bright-Eyes was given a pair of snow-shoes by his father. The first time he put them on and tried to walk, he came to grief. He tripped and fell face downward on the snow. Try as he would, he could not get up. He did not know that snow-shoes are so long and wide that it is impossible for one who is wearing a pair to get up alone if he has fallen, unless he unlaces the shoe. So he tried and tried, but all he succeeded in doing was to rub his nose in the snow.

Just then his grandfather came along, and lifting him up, stood him on his feet. He told his grandson, then, to push along, not to try to walk.

Bright-Eyes did as he was told and soon mastered the trick of using the snow-shoes. Soon he could get over the snow very rapidly, and then he had great fun going out with his

father to trap beaver and otter, and quail, and partridge.

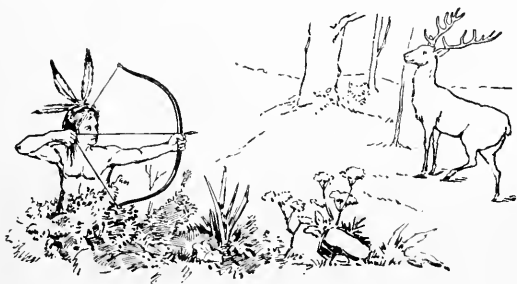
Winter and summer came and went, until Bright-Eyes was old enough to help his father supply the food for the family. His arrows



INDIAN BASKETS.

were replaced with those that were tipped with sharp stones. With these he could easily kill wild geese and wild ducks, which were very plentiful; and at times he would go deer-stalking with his father, generally with success, as he was a good shot and possessed the

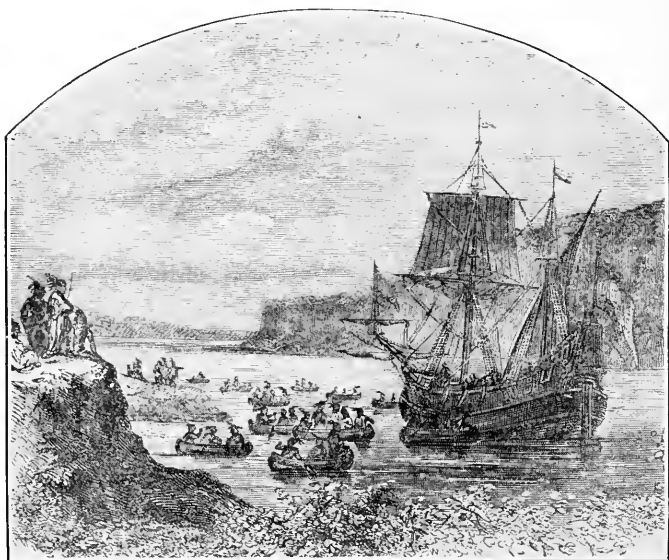
patience necessary for a good hunter. Thus the larder was always plentifully supplied.



After Bright-Eyes had killed his first deer, he was permitted to smoke with his father and grandfather in the lodge at night when they came home from hunting. Tobacco was the only plant raised by the men. It was too valuable, they thought, to be entrusted to the squaws.

Bright-Eyes was now permitted to join in the dances of the tribe. In these dances only the men took part. As a rule a dance would last all day and was very exhausting. The

only music came from a drum made from a hollow log over which was stretched a piece of deer hide. To this monotonous sound they



THE "HALF MOON" ASCENDING THE HUDSON. *From an old print.*

marched in a circle, increasing their speed as the drummer increased his strokes. Occasionally, they would face inward, always keeping up the sort of hopping which they call dancing.

One day in September, 1609, while Bright-Eyes and his father were out in their canoes fishing, they saw a strange sight. It was a boat such as they had never seen before — the *Half-Moon*, with Henry Hudson in command, all sails set, going up the North River. It was the beginning of the end for the Red Man.

HOLLAND

English Statute Miles
0 5 10 20 30 40



HANS, THE DUTCH BOY.



Hans was born in Haarlem, a city in Holland, in 1654. His father was a merchant, who, desirous of bettering his condition, had made up his mind to emigrate to New Amsterdam, now the Borough of Manhattan.

New Amsterdam, at this time, had been under the control of the Dutch for nearly half a century. From the time the first settlement was made by them, in 1613, on these shores, glowing accounts had been sent home

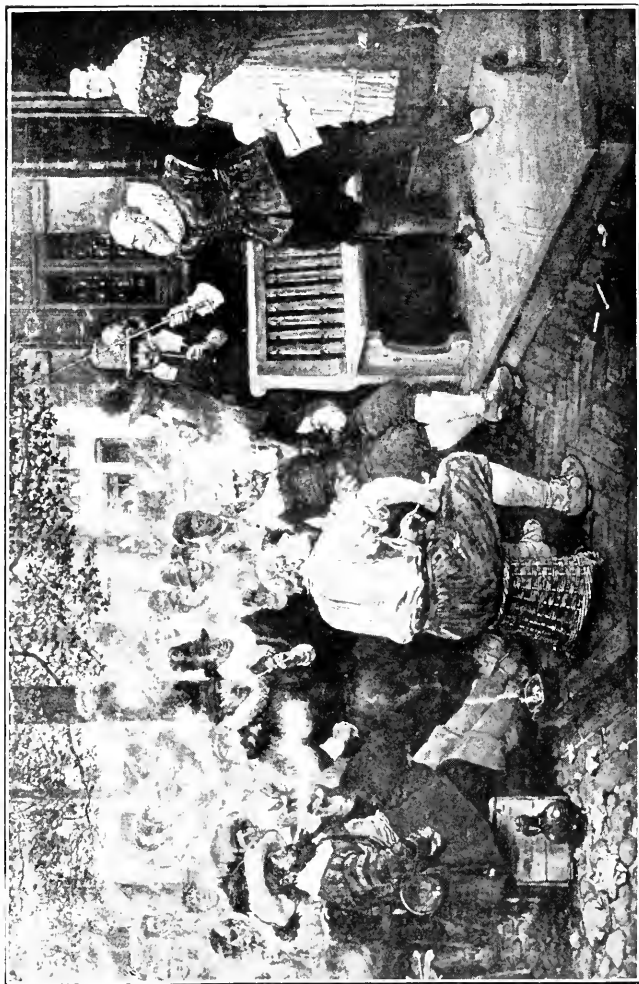


PURCHASING MANHATTAN.

as to the fertility of the soil, the cheapness of the furs which were obtained by barter from the Indians, and of the great importance of the new settlement as a trading centre.

In 1626, Peter Minuit, the first Director-General of New Netherland,* arrived in New Amsterdam, the principal settlement in New Netherland. At this time, he bought from the Indians Manhattan, an island about fifteen miles long and from one-half to two miles wide, containing about twenty-two thousand acres, for the value of sixty guilders in beads and ribbons. The value of sixty guilders is twenty-four gold dollars; but as the purchasing power of gold was five times as great then as it is now, the Indians really received the value of one hundred and twenty dollars of our day.

* The country lying between the South (Delaware) River and the North (Hudson) River.



EDICT OF WILLIAM THE TESTY.

Boughton

The second Director-General, Wouter Van Twiller, purchased from the Indians a part of Long Island; while William Kieft, the third



HAARLEM, HOLLAND.

From an old print.

Director-General, bought from the Indians all the land comprised in the present boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens, not already in possession of the Dutch. Staten Island had also been bought in the same way. The Dutch

were always careful to pay the Indians for any land bought from them.

Hans' father, with other men from Holland, set sail for the new world, bringing their families and all their household goods with



NEW AMSTERDAM.

them. It took them four months to sail from the city of Amsterdam in Holland, the point of departure, to the village of New Amsterdam in America, where some of the immigrants settled, the rest going on to Long Island.

But how different it was from their old home! There, was a rich, populous city, its many streets well built up. Here, was a little settlement with but seventeen streets and few houses. There, there was no danger from



A SCENE IN AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND.

hostile savages. Here, the settlers had to be ready at all times to protect themselves from an attack by the Red Men. There, there were no wild animals. Here, at their very door, to the north of them, stood the primeval



MAP OF NEW NETHERLANDS, 1656. (WITH A VIEW OF NEW AMSTERDAM.)

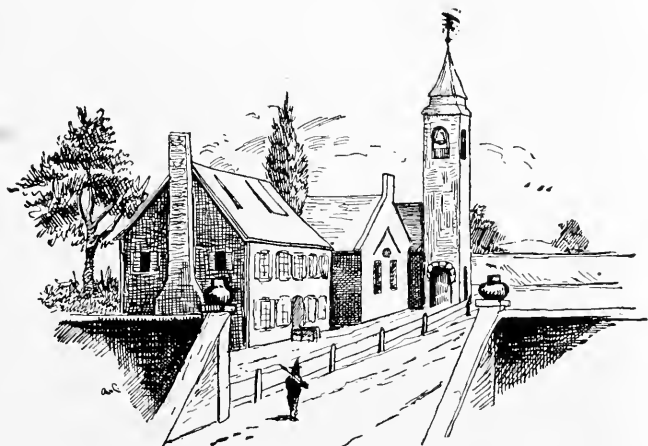
forest, from whose protecting shelter at night could be heard the growling of bears, the wailing of wild-cats, and the yelping of wolves.

You may be sure our little Hans took but little note of all this. He lay in his cradle, kicking his heels, and cooing at his mother as she went about her household affairs. His cradle was not such an one as is used now-a-days. It was made of solid oak, with a sort of roof at the head end, to protect Hans from drafts, and also to shield the' light from his eyes. When he was older, he was given a little trundle bed, on which he slept, lying on a feather mattress, while over him was another feather mattress of lighter weight. This trundle bed was a low bedstead on rollers, which, when not in use, was rolled underneath his parents' high bedstead, being then hidden from view by the valance.



GOVERNOR STUYVESANT.

When Hans was old enough, his father used to take him out for a walk every afternoon. Sometimes they would go to the Fort, inside of which were the Governor's house, the

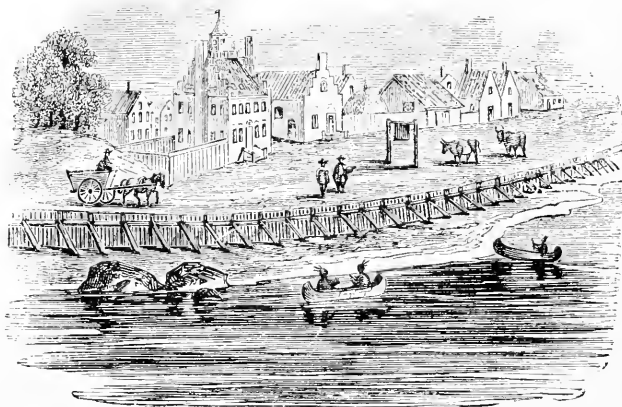


THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE AND CHURCH, IN THE FORT.

barracks, the jail, the church, and three grist mills. Here little Hans liked to sit on the grass, and gaze at the slowly revolving arms of the mills, wondering what they were doing. At other times, they would walk down by



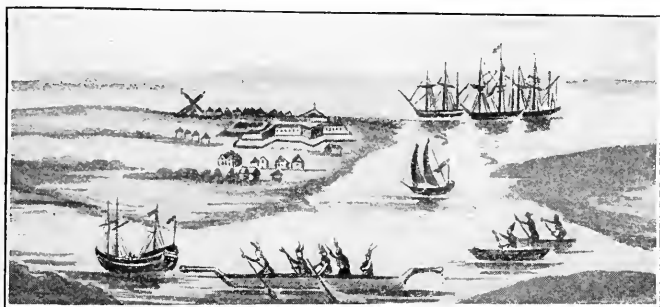
THE DOCK AND RIVER FRONT TO WALL STREET, 1667.



VIEW OF THE "SCHOEINGE," OR STREET PILING, ON THE EAST RIVER SHORE,
NEAR PRESENT COENTIES SLIP, 1658.

the canal and watch the ships sailing to and fro.

When they reached home, little Hans always told his mother what he had seen: The Indians, with packs of beaver skins on their backs, which they were bringing in to barter;



From an old engraving made in Holland.

FORT AMSTERDAM, FINISHED BY GOVERNOR VAN TWILLER IN 1635.

the couples on horseback, the woman riding on a pillion behind the man; the ox-teams; the fat cattle driven to the market that was held outside the Fort at stated intervals; the chimney - sweeps, little colored boys, who

climbed up the stepped roofs to reach the wide-mouthed chimneys; the slaves, carrying home purchases for their masters; the gibbet; the stocks; the soldiers, with their bright uniforms; the hogs, rooting in the unpaved streets; the geese, paddling homeward from the shore; and the cowherd bringing home the settlers' cows from the common pasture.

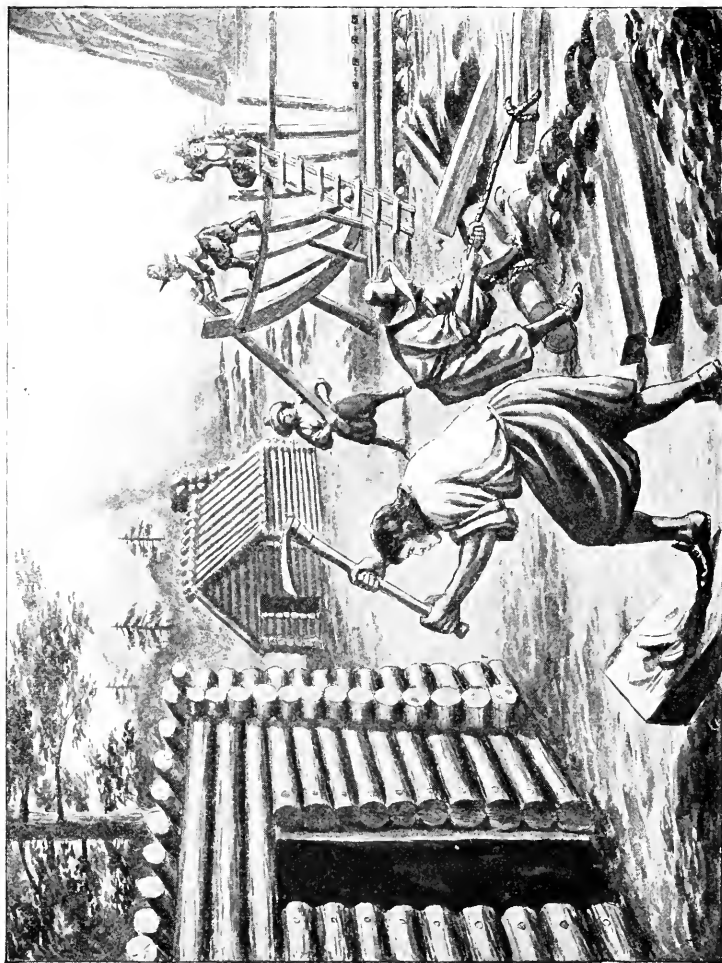
At supper-time they would sit down to a good Dutch supper, at which there was always plenty of suppawn. This was a porridge, made of ground Turkie-wheat (Indian corn) and milk.

And this kitchen! Very different was it from the kitchen of to-day. On one side was the great fire-place, so big, that, as one traveler says, "you could drive a horse and cart through it." Beside it was the great brick oven, and on the other side of the room stood the dresser, with a brave display of pewter plate

and blue crockery. The floor was covered with sand, wrought into curious patterns with a broom by one of the female slaves.



After supper, in the summer-time, the family would go out on the stoop, while the female slaves cleaned up the kitchen. Here the father would smoke his home-grown tobacco, the mother would knit, and Hans would play about with the neighbors' children. Friends would stop to have a chat, and talk over the prospects of trade, and to gossip about old



THE BUILDING OF THE "RESTLESS."

times in Holland, of brave Block, and his building of the "Restless," the first ship built in New Amsterdam, or the danger of attacks from the Indians.

THIS TABLET MARKS THE SITE OF THE
FIRST HABITATIONS OF WHITE MEN
ON THE ISLAND OF MANHATTAN
ADRIAN BLOCK
COMMANDER OF THE TIGER
ERECTED HERE FOUR HOUSES OR HUTS
NOVEMBER 1613
HE BUILT THE RESTLESS THE FIRST VESSEL
MADE BY EUROPEANS IN THIS COUNTRY.
THE RESTLESS WAS LAUNCHED
IN THE SPRING OF 1614.
THIS TABLET IS PLACED HERE BY
THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
SEPTEMBER 1890.

TABLET AT 41 BROADWAY, ERECTED BY THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.



When the talk was about Indians, Hans always stopped playing, and came to his father to sit on his knee and listen. Sometimes it would be the story of the Pavonia massacre (1643), when the soldiers, acting under orders from Kieft, who was strongly advised by the leading men in the colony against it, brutally murdered the unresisting Indians.

Then a neighbor would tell of the successful efforts of Stuyvesant, the fourth, last, and best of the Directors-General, to keep the Indians peaceful, until 1655. In this year, when he

was away with the troops at New Sweden on the South River, driving away the Swedes who had settled there, two thousand Indians swarmed into New Amsterdam early one September morning.

A few days before, an Indian girl, who had been seen stealing peaches from Van Dyck's orchard, which was situated just below where Trinity Church now stands, was seen, shot, and killed by him. As soon as her tribe heard of it, they were wild for revenge, and induced other tribes to join them in seeking it. However, they were induced by the officials to leave the settlement. But they went only as far as Nutten (Governor's) Island, and at dark came back. They were determined to have revenge for the killing of the Indian girl. When they came back, they ran up to Van Dyck's house, and killed him. Then they went to Jersey and

Staten Island, and murdered many more, and destroyed many plantations.

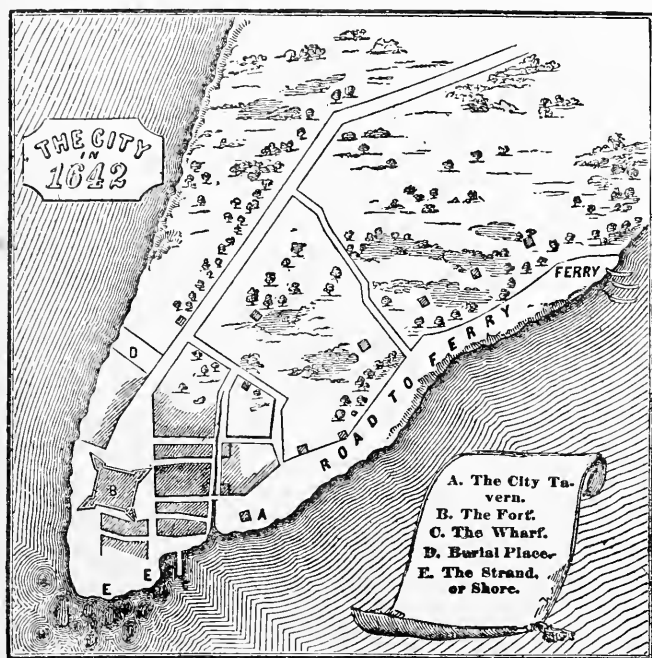
Hans always dreamed of Indians after hearing these gruesome tales.



DUTCH COTTAGE IN NEW YORK, 1679. *Valentine's Manual.*

Sometimes their neighbor, Jacob Steendam, would stop for a chat. He was a poet, and he was always welcome when he made a visit, for many of the settlers knew his collection of poems, "The Thistle-Finch."

Hans liked this poet the best of all their visitors, for he had story after story to tell of



his plantation on Long Island—of the wild turkeys, ducks, and geese he had seen crossing the rowboat ferry on coming back to his town house; of the eagle he had seen flying far

overhead; of the flying-squirrels he had seen leaping through the air. Then he taught to Hans his poem on the Dutch fire-place, ending

“Whose genial flame yields to no damp nor cold,
Whose odors fragrant are as those of old
In fields of Eden.”

As it neared bedtime, the neighbors would go home, and Hans with his father and mother went indoors. His father would fasten to the upper half of the front door, which had been left open for the ingress of air, the lower half being closed, and then go into the kitchen where he would find Hans with his night-clothes on ready for his game of trip-trop. His father would sit down, cross his legs and with Hans astride of his foot holding on to his hands, would swing him up and down, singing:

“The father’s knee a throne is,
As the pigs are in the beans,

As the cows are in the clover,
As the horses are in the oats,
As the ducks are in the water,
So great my little Hans is."

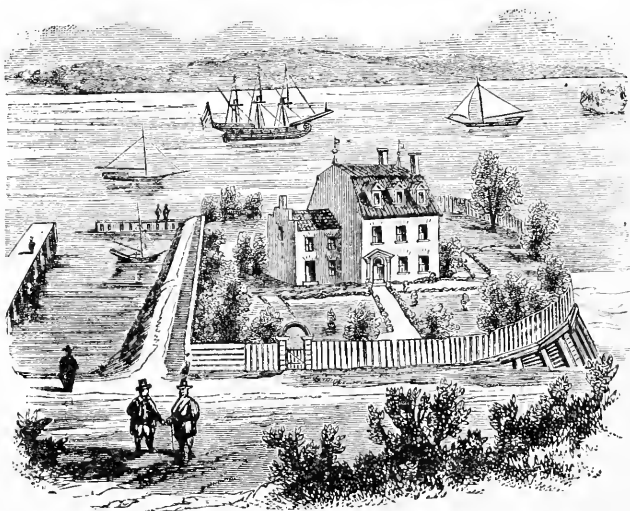
Here is the Dutch of it. Try to say it:

"Trip a trop a tronjes,
De varkens in de boonjes,
De koejes in de klaver,
De paarden in de haver,
De eenjes in de waterplass,
So groot myn kleine Hans was."

Then to bed. And as our little boy sank into sleep, he could hear the rattle-watch calling, "Nine o'clock. A fair night," as he marched through the street with his staff, hour-glass, and lighted lanthorn, occasionally springing his rattle to let the people know he was attending to business.

Early in the morning, Hans would be wakened by loud blasts from the horn sounded by

the cow-herd, who was collecting the cattle to drive them out to the common pasture-field (now City Hall Park), where the cows were kept until just before sun-down, when they were driven home to their owners.



GOVERNOR STUYVESANT'S HOUSE, ERECTED 1658.

When winter came, Hans had his sled and skates. And how he did enjoy them! He and his playmates would take their sleds to a place near the Fort, and here they would race

down hill, each doing his best to guide his sled to the bottom first. Or they would go to a nearby pond, when the ice was good, and learn the "Dutch Roll" or the "Inside" or "Outside Edge."



THE DUTCH ROLL.

Tired and hungry after an afternoon's fun, they would go home to supper, and after supper each family would gather around the open fire. In the back of the fire-place was a hickory log so big that it had taken two men to bring it in from the woodpile and put it in place. And as the flames leaped and played in the cavernous fire-place, they showed the scriptural scenes on the tiling about it.

Here the father smoked, and the mother knitted or spun, while Hans listened to the

stories which the slaves, gathered in one corner close by the fire, were telling.

When bed-time came, the fire was covered with ashes. It was never allowed to go out. Then Hans' mother filled a warming-pan with hot coals, and thrusting it between the ice-cold sheets of his little trundle-bed, soon had that ready for him. Hans was ready for it, and with the sound of "taps" from the Fort he was off to dreamland.



When December came, Hans was on the lookout for Santa Claus. In those days he came on the sixth of December, not on the

twenty-fifth. Here is the song Hans learned, that he might sing it to St. Nicholas :

“ Saint Nicholas, good, holy man,
Put your best Tabard on you can,
And in it go to Amsterdam ;
From Amsterdam to Hispanje,
Where apples bright of Oranje,
And likewise these pomegranates named,
Roll through the streets still un-reclaimed.

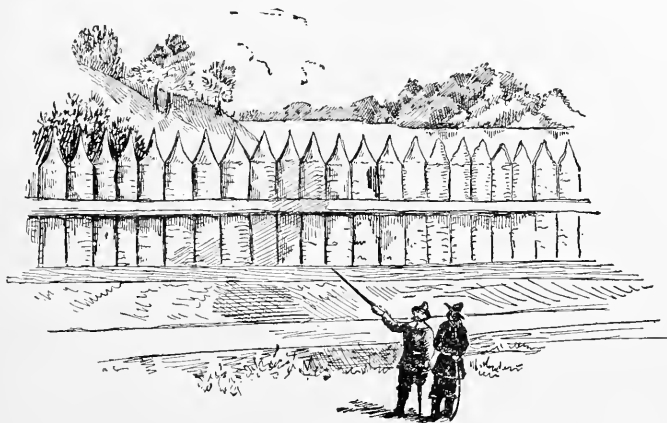
“ Saint Nicholas, my dear, good friend,
To serve you ever was my end ;
If you me now something will give,
Serve you I will as long as I live.”

Bright and early, on the morning of the sixth of December, Hans got up and rushed down to the parlor. This room was opened only on holidays, or for funerals, or weddings. He was anxious to see what St. Nicholas had brought him. You must remember that in those days Santa Claus had no trouble in get-

ting down the chimneys, as they were all very large. Here is what Hans saw: Near the great guest-bed, in one corner, stood a beautiful fir tree, with all sorts of presents upon it. Here were several pairs of new stockings which his mother had knitted from the wool from their own sheep. There were a pair of gloves and a comforter for his neck. In another place was a pair of skates from Holland. At every turn of his head he saw something new — candy, cake, or toy. He was so excited that he almost missed what was at the bottom of the tree — a drum and a sword, and, nearby, standing on the sanded floor, was a great hobby-horse, covered with real horse-skin. He dropped everything else when he saw these. Beating his drum, he soon had the household awakened and around him. Then, mounting his horse, and waving his sword, he

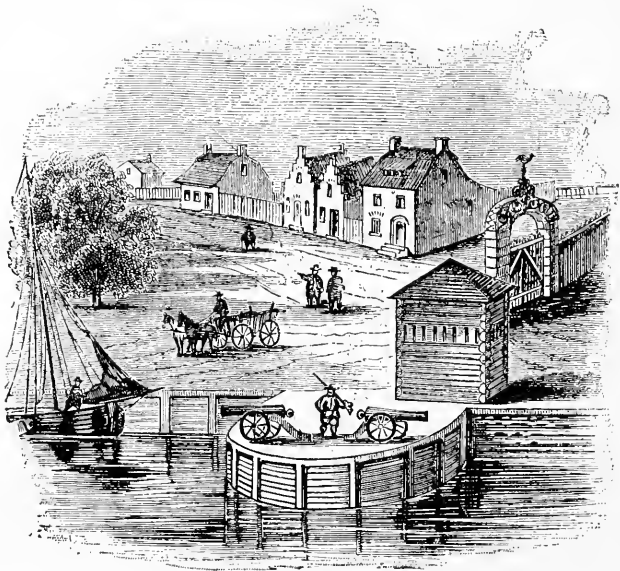
showed them what a brave warrior he was going to be when he grew up.

On Christmas Day, he went out with his father to see the young men shoot at turkeys. On their way, every one whom they met said, "Merry Christmas!" to which Hans and his father replied, "Merry Christmas!"



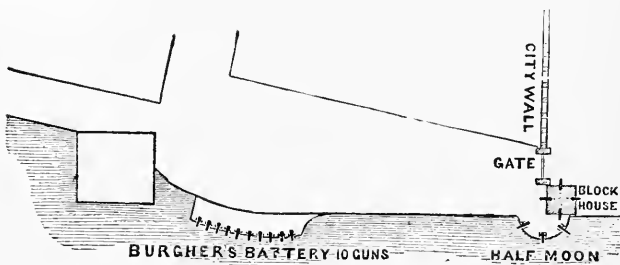
THE WALL.

At this time there was a palisade, or wooden wall, extending across the island, over what is now known as Wall Street. This was for



THE WATER GATE.

Valentine's Manual.



THE POSITION OF THE ORIGINAL WHARF, FROM MAP, 1661.

military defense against foes, red or white, and had two entrances, one at the East River, known as the Water Gate; the other at the point where Wall Street now runs into Broadway, known as the City Gate. Through this last-named gate went Hans and his father, and soon they reached the frozen swamp, where the young men of the town were shooting at turkeys for prizes. They watched the contestants until it was time to go home for dinner, the principal dish of which on this day always was roast goose.

Next day began preparations for the proper celebration of New Year's Day. Oly koeks crullers, and cookies were being made ready, for the calling day. On this day, every one kept open house, and cake and wine were freely offered to the men who called, who as freely partook of them.

On Easter Monday, Hans and his playmates cracked hard-boiled colored eggs, one with the the other. These, with Pinkster, and May Day, and Paas (Easter), were the only holidays that Hans and the other little Dutch boys had.



NORTH-EAST AND SOUTH-EAST CORNERS OF THE PRESENT BROAD STREET AND
EXCHANGE PLACE. *Valentine's Manual.*

One of Hans' delights was to help his mother during "killing time." This was in the late fall, when the supply of provisions for the winter had to be stored in the deep cellar, so

built as to be cool in summer and warm in winter. The colored slaves did the hard work, you may be sure, but Hans thought he was a great help, even if they did not.

The hogs and cattle were killed, and then had to be properly prepared. Huge casks in the cellar received pork and corned beef, while the smoke-house was filled with hams and sides of bacon and beef. Then came the making of the headcheese, sausages, and rolliches. These last were made of lean beef and fat cut up into small pieces, highly seasoned, sewed in tripe and then smoked.

Not the least of the work was the trying out of the lard, and a big supply of that the housewife must have for her cakes and cookies.

When all was through, what a brave sight the cellar presented! Casks of pork and beef

were stored in one place. Next came firkins of butter, jars of pickles, casks of salted shad and mackerel, which but a few months before had been live fish swimming in the Bay. Above all, were festoons of sausages, and down the middle were swinging shelves on which were the headcheeses and rolliches, being thus placed so that the mice could not get at them. Nearby were suspended venison and wild fowl, bought from the Indians.

But this was not all. In another part of the cellar were bins of apples, potatoes, turnips, and parsnips, and barrels of vinegar, cider, and beer. In another corner, buried in sea-sand mixed with Indian meal, were oysters and clams, which were carefully watered twice a week with water brought from the Bay. At the base of the huge kitchen chimney was a box to hold the wood ashes that came down

from the fireplace above, the use of which Hans was to learn later on.



SOAP MAKING.

With the spring came the quarterly soap making, and here Hans helped, by carrying water. The wood ashes that had been collected were placed in barrels that stood on frames underneath which were small, wooden tubs. Over the ashes was poured boiling water, which as it leached through into the small tubs underneath, became lye.

When enough of this had been collected, it was poured into large iron pots hung over the fire, and the grease that had been saved in the kitchen since the last soap-boiling, was put into the lye and boiled for half an hour, when out came a good brown soap. This was cut into cakes and put away, being used for scrubbing and laundering.

The quarterly clothes washing was another week of fun for Hans. This custom had been brought from Holland. And the candle-making was more fun still. Listen to the description of a candle-making given by Helen Evertson Smith in her "Colonial Days and Ways":*

"The scene was an immense kitchen. Between the heavy ceiling beams, darkened and polished by the years of kindly smoke, hung bunches of dried herbs and ears of corn for

* Reprinted by permission of the publishers, The Century Company.

popping. A large portion of one side of the room was taken up by a fireplace so big that there was space for a seat at each end after piles of logs four or five feet in length had begun to send their blaze up the wide chimney throat. These seats were stone slabs set in the side walls of the fire-place, and — as seats — were used only by persons who came in literally dripping with rain or melting snow. Usually the slabs were employed as resting places for things to be kept hot without burning. . . . Over the blaze swung long armed cranes supporting immense brass kettles. . . . The whitewashed walls were decorated with ever-green boughs.

“Down the center, the longer way of the room, were two long ladders lying side by side, supported at each end upon blocks of wood about ‘chair-seat high.’ Under each ladder, at

intervals of a foot stood a row of big three-footed iron pots and of footless brass kettles like those over the fire. On the floor, between the pots and kettles, were placed dripping-pans, to protect the floor from grease and to prevent a waste of tallow. Down the sides of the ladders were chairs, placed as closely as possible together. Before the merry-makers were seated, John by Molly and Peter by Sally, big and jolly black Castor and Pollux had lifted from the fire the brass kettles full of melted tallow, and deftly poured their contents, to the depth of two or three inches more than a long candle's length, upon the water with which the similar vessels were already half filled.

"As soon as the young folks were seated, black Phyllis and Chloe deftly handed the candle rods, four or five to each person. From each rod were suspended the wicks of twisted

cotton yarn which had been prepared by the housewife.

“The first dippings were rather solemn affairs. Much depended on starting aright. The least crook in the wick, if not straightened, insured a crooked candle; and crooked candles were drippy things, burning unevenly and guttering in a way most vexatious to the housewife.

“About six wicks were upon each rod. They must not hang too closely together, or, like too thickly planted trees, they would interfere with each other as they grew. They must not be too far apart, or there would not be room enough for all to be plunged evenly in the kettles. The wicks on each rod were carefully dipped their entire length in the kettle nearest to the right hand of the person dipping, the wicks passing through the melted tallow resting on top of the water, and acquiring with

each dip a thin layer of the tallow. . . . Slowly the wicks were immersed in the tallow, and then the loaded rods were hung in the spaces between the kettles, and over the empty pans, to allow the growing candles to harden before being dipped again and again until the proper circumference had been attained."



From an old Dutch engraving.

VIEW OF NEW AMSTERDAM IN 1650.

After the candle-dipping came supper, and after supper came a dance; but Hans was always too sleepy to stay up for this.

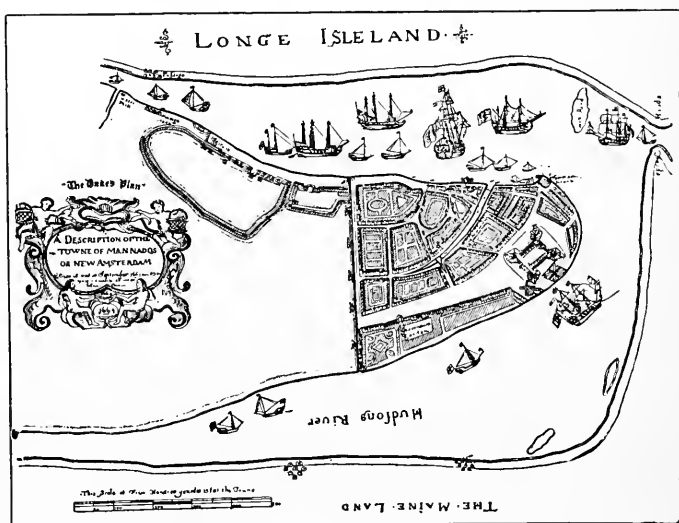
When Hans was old enough, he was sent to school, his father agreeing to pay two dried

beaver skins a year for his tuition. Here he was taught with the other boys. There were no schools for girls at this time in New Amsterdam.

Hans worked hard, learning to read and to write Dutch, and to cipher. On his holidays, he and his playmates would go off for a good time. Sometimes in June they would go to gather strawberries, which grew in the utmost profusion in the fields near at hand. In the fall, they would follow the new road to Harlem, which had just been opened, looking for kiskatomas (hickory) nuts, for every Dutch family had to have a goodly supply of these nuts for winter evenings.

Of all his outings, Hans enjoyed best the fishing trips with his father. A favorite spot with them was near the site of an old Indian village, the "fresh water," the Kolck, after-

wards corrupted into Collect Pond, situated where now stands the City Prison. Here they were sure to get a good mess of perch and sunfish. And as the walk through the woods



THE DUKE'S PLAN: NEW AMSTERDAM IN 1664.

to and from the house to the pond was such a pleasant one, they often took it in the summer.

In the spring and fall they made their fishing trips to the Bay. Here, in a spot close to

Nutten's (Governor's) Island, they often went, with a slave to row their boat. The fish were so plentiful that they had no difficulty in filling their boat, in a very short time, with good-sized cod, mackerel, herring, halibut, sturgeon, and some of the fish common to our Bay now. These, when brought home, would be distributed among the neighbors, enough being kept for the family, however. Lobsters were plentiful, too, in those days, and Hans and his father occasionally set out a lobster-pot or two.

One day, while Hans was playing on the street, he heard the cry of "Fire!" He saw some men, carrying leathern buckets, running



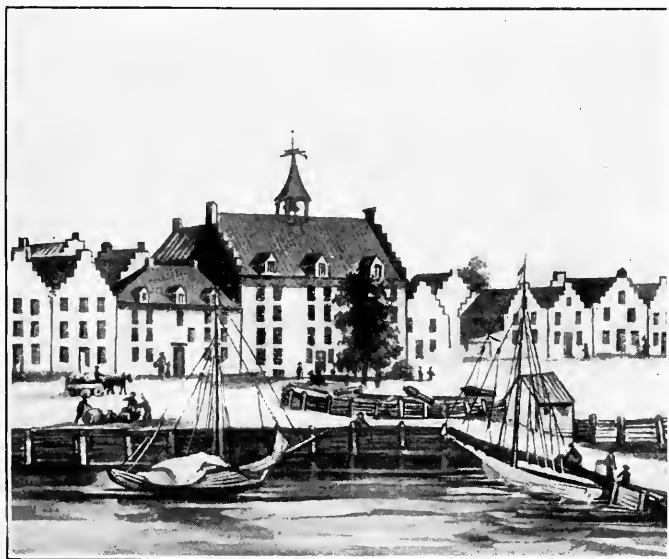
toward the Fort. He ran, too, and as he ran, he saw buckets coming out of open windows. These buckets belonged to men who could not come out at once, and so sent their

pails where they could be picked up by some of the running folks and carried to the fire.

When Hans reached the blazing house, he saw a double line of men reaching from the house down to the river. The filled buckets were passed up one line, the contents thrown on the flames, and the empty buckets passed down the other line to be refilled and sent back. And woe betide any one who attempted to break through these lines! A good sousing from one of the filled buckets was his reward. When the fire was out, Hans helped the fire-warden gather the buckets, so that they could be easily reclaimed by their owners when they came after them.

In January, 1672, Hans saw the first letter-carrier start on the trip that established the postal service between New York and Boston. The way was so wild that the carrier, after

leaving Harlem, had to blaze his way through the woods until he reached Hartford, where he changed horses and continued on his way. In February he made the return trip. Monthly trips were made.



From an old lithograph.

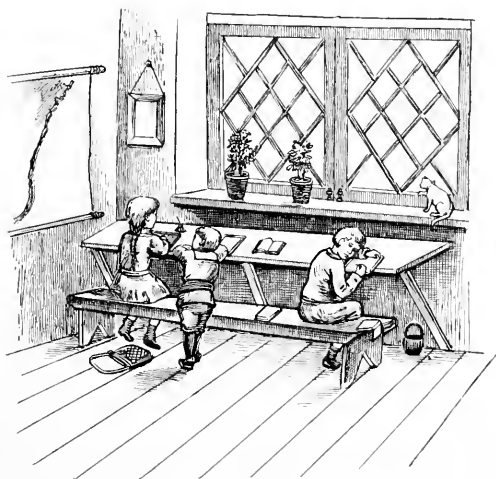
THE STADHUY, OR CITY HALL, OF NEW YORK IN 1679. CORNER OF PEARL STREET AND COENTIES SLIP.

When Hans was ten years old, New Amsterdam was surrendered to the English. On

the morning of September 8, 1664, he and his father went down to the Fort, where they saw the Dutch soldiers march out with the honors of war, and the English soldiers march in. The red, white, and blue flag of Holland came down, and the English standard went up. Fort Amsterdam became Fort James, New Amsterdam became New York, and Stuyvesant became a private citizen. Nicolls was appointed the deputy-governor, to represent the Duke of York.

The change of rulers made no change in the prosperity of the colony. The city records were ordered to be kept in both Dutch and English, and the schools taught the two languages. This was hard on the pupils who heard nothing but Dutch at home. One school-master, to compel his scholars to master their English, adopted the ingenious plan of handing

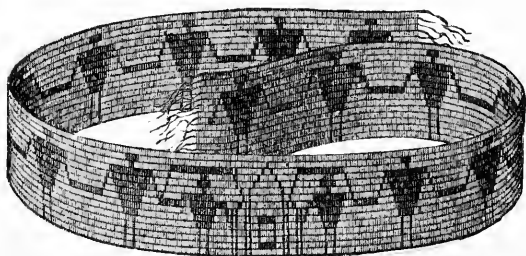
to the first pupil who used a Dutch word when English was to be spoken, a little piece of metal. When the holder of this piece heard



AN OLD-TIME SCHOOL.

another boy using Dutch, he passed the piece on to the latter. And so it continued during the day. At the close of the afternoon session, the unlucky boy that had it in his possession was soundly whipped.

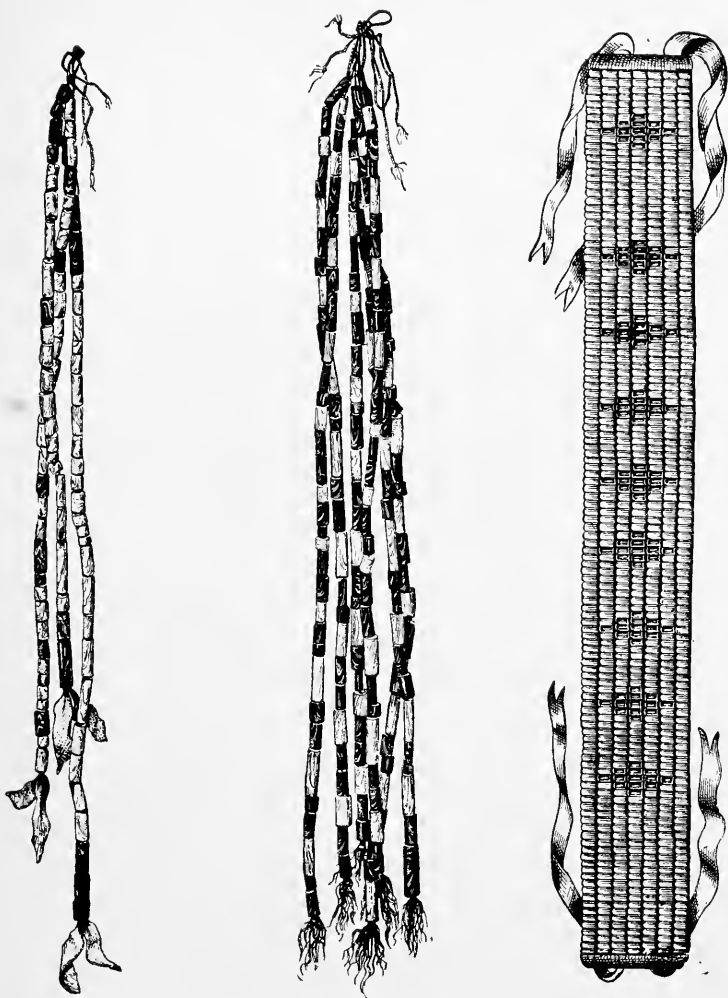
As Hans grew older he helped his father in business. He took charge of the accounts, and kept track of the wampum, which was the only currency the Indians would recognize.



WAMPUM BELT.

This wampum, or seawant, was of two kinds, and was made at first by the Indians and afterwards by the Dutch. When the Indians made it, they had only stone tools to work with, but the Dutch used metal tools, something the Indians knew nothing of at first.

The wampum was of two kinds, white and black, the former being worth only half the latter. The white was made from the stem of



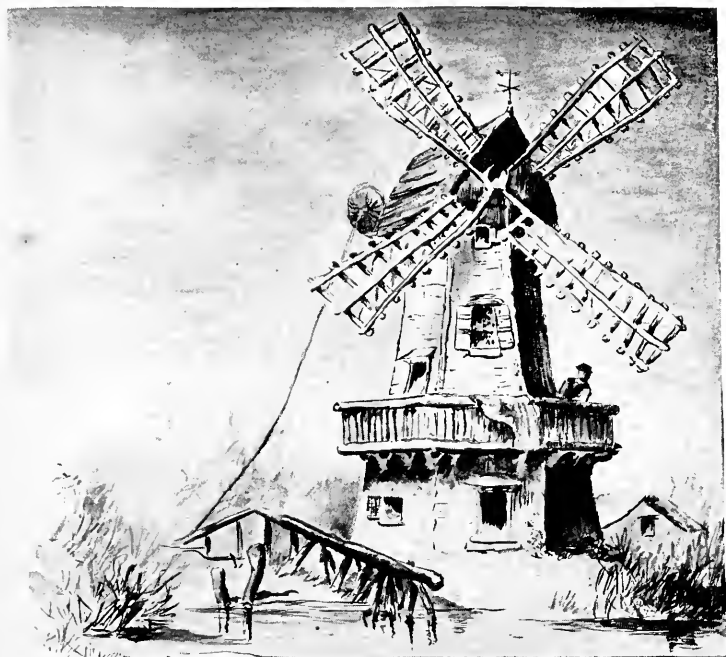
INDIAN WAMPUMS.

the periwinkle, and the black from the purple coating of the hard clam. These were rounded and polished, pierced so that they could be strung on animal sinews, and then woven into belts of different sizes. These strings had a specified value, and were current not only between the Indians and the whites, but were received in trade between colonists of different settlements.

Sometimes Hans' father would send him to Albany on business. This trip he would make by water, and it was long and tedious, as it was dependent on wind and tide. As they went by the estates of the three great Patroons—De Vries, Pauw, and Van Rensselaer—he would wonder if he would ever succeed in reaching such a high position as each of them had—Lord of the Manor.

But most of Hans' work was in New

York, and he might have been seen in "T' Marckvelt," now Marketfield Street, on the

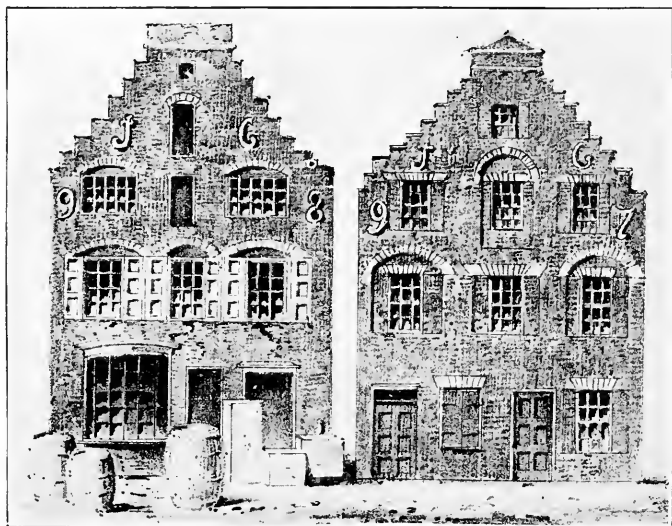


OLD DUTCH WINDMILL.

regular market days, buying cattle or grain, which in turn was sold; while he was always ready to barter with an Indian who came

in with a pile of otter, marten, and beaver skins.

As he grew up, he took part in the social gatherings — the “quilting-bees,” “apple-bees,”



OLD DUTCH HOUSE IN BROAD STREET,
BUILT, 1698.

OLD DUTCH HOUSE IN PEARL STREET,
BUILT, 1626—DEMOLISHED, 1828.

“husking-bees,” and “raising-bees” — at which “many hands make light work,” and when the allotted task was done, all sat down to

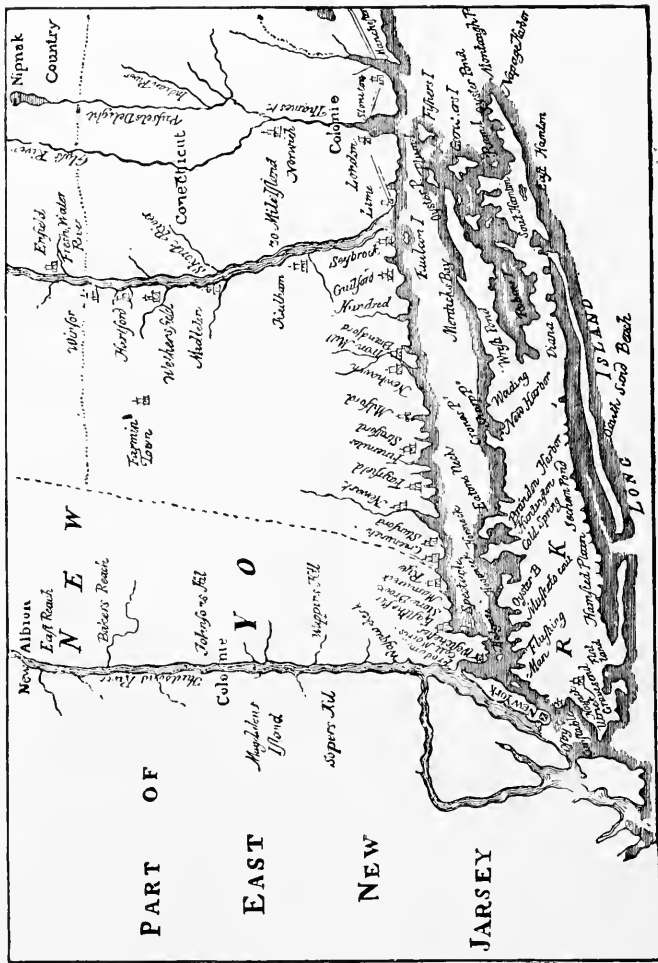
supper, and finished the evening with a jolly dance.

The habits of these Dutch burghers were so regular that there was little need of clocks and watches. In fact, there were but half a dozen of each in the settlement. Few of the clocks would go, and none of the watches. Sundials and hour-glasses marked the flight of time. At cockcrow the burghers rose, breakfasted at dawn, dined at noon, supped at six, and were in bed at nine.

Hans was to see another change of rulers. In August, 1673, he saw a body of Dutch troops, who had been landed from Dutch vessels that had come up the harbor a day or two before, march down Broadway, and take possession of the Fort. They changed its name to William Hendrick, and that of the city to New Orange.

But it was not long to remain in possession of the Dutch. A treaty of peace between England and Holland gave New Netherland to the former, and on November 10, 1674, Hans saw the English again in possession of the Fort, which they again called James, and New Orange disappear from the map, and New York reappear on it. He, with all the other inhabitants, was absolved from the oath of allegiance to the States General of Holland, and required to swear fealty to the King of England.





NEW YORK AT THE BEGINNING OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. From Mather's Magnolia.

GEORGE, THE ENGLISH BOY.

From time to time European travellers in this part of the New World, when they returned, published their impressions, and their books spoke so well of the new country that they doubtless influenced many to settle in it.

The first book printed in English on the subject of New York was published in London in 1670, and was written by Daniel Denton, one of the first settlers in Jamaica. In concluding his description, he says :

“ But that which adds happiness to all the rest, is the Healthfulness of the place, where many people in twenty years’ time never know what sickness is ; where they look upon it as a mortality if two or three die out of a town in a year’s time ; where besides the Sweetness of

the air, the Country itself sends forth such a fragrant smell, that it may be perceived at Sea before they can make the Land; where no evil fog or vapour doth no sooner appear but a Northwest or a Westerly winde doth immediately dissolve it, and drive it away: What shall I say more? You shall scarce see a house, but the South side is begirt with Hives. of Bees, which increase after an incredible manner: That I must needs say, that if there be any terrestrial Canaan, 'tis surely here, where the Land floweth with milk and honey. The inhabitants are blest with Peace and plenty, blessed in their Country, blessed in their Fields, blessed in the fruit of their Grounds, in the increase of their Cattel, Horses and Sheep, blessed in their Basket, and in their Store; in a word, blessed in whatsoever they take in hand, or go about,

the Earth yielding plentiful increase to all their painful labours."

Jasper Dankers, a Labidist, a sect in Holland somewhat similar to the Quakers in England, visited New Netherland and New England with a companion in 1679, seeking a place to plant a colony. Here is what he writes of a journey to Harlem:

"We went from the city, following the Broadway, over the *valey* or the fresh water. Upon both sides of this way were many habitations of negroes, mulattoes, and whites. These negroes were formerly the proper slaves of the (West India) Company, but, in consequence of the frequent changes and conquests of the country, they have obtained their freedom and settled themselves down where they thought proper, and thus on this road, where they have ground enough left to live on with

their families. We left the village called the *Bouwerij*, lying on the right hand, and went through the woods to New Harlem, a tolerably large village, situated about three hours' journey from New Amsterdam, like as old Harlem, in Europe, is situated about three hours' distance from old Amsterdam."

Here is what he writes of a trip to Brooklyn:

"There was thrown upon the fire, to be roasted, a pail full of Gowanes (Gowanus) oysters, which are the best in the country. They are fully as good as those of England, better than those we get at Falmouth. I had to try some of them raw. They are large and full, some of them not less than a foot long. Others are young and small. In consequence of the great quantities of them everybody keeps the shells for the burning of lime. They pickle the oysters in small casks and send them to

Barbadoes. We had for supper a roasted haunch of venison which he (the host) had bought of the Indians for three guilders and a-half of seawant, that is fifteen stivers of Dutch money (fifteen cents) and which weighed thirty pounds. The meat was exceedingly tender and good and also quite fat. It had a slight aromatic taste. We were also served with wild turkey, which was also fat and of a good flavor, and a wild goose, but that was rather dry. We saw here lying in a heap a whole hill of watermelons which were as large as pumpkins."

In 1701 was published in London, "A two years journal in New York," written by Charles Wolley, a clergyman who had come over with Sir Edmund Andros in 1678, returning to England in 1680. He says:

"Goods that are brought over commonly

return *cent per cent* ; *i. e.* a hundred pounds laid out in London will commonly yield 200 pounds there . . . and the commodities of that country will yield very near as much imported into England, for three and forty pounds laid out in Bever (beaver) and other Furrs, when I came away, I received about four-score in London."

Is it a wonder, then, that people who read these books became desirous of living in the country described by them?

Living on the east coast of England, in the county of Suffolk, during the reign of George Second, was a family consisting of a father and his little boy, named George, and their servants. The mother had but recently died, and the father, on account of the sad memories connected with the place, had determined to emigrate to America. Selling his lands, discharg-

ing all his servants but one, Harriet, whom he kept to take care of George, he set sail for New York in 1740, bringing all his household goods with him.

New York had changed greatly since Hans' time. It had grown to be a city of nearly ten thousand inhabitants. New streets, bordered with beech and locust trees, had been laid out, and these streets had been built up with many new houses of brick and stone. The city had outgrown its church in the Fort and several new ones had been erected. Bradford had printed the first number of his weekly, *The New York Gazette*, in 1725, and it remained the only newspaper in New York until 1733, when Zenger brought out his paper, *The New York Weekly Journal*. English governor had succeeded English governor, and mayor had succeeded mayor.

The citizens grumbled occasionally at their rulers, but went on steadily developing trade and increasing the prosperity of the colony. Much of this prosperity was due to the "Bolting Privilege" granted by Governor Andros to New York in 1678 and noted in our city seal.



GOVERNOR ANDROS.

Flour by this time had become an important article of trade; and to be given the exclusive privilege of "bolting" it, packing and shipping it, meant that the New Yorkers were bound to prosper and the city to grow. All other towns were forbidden to engage in this trade.

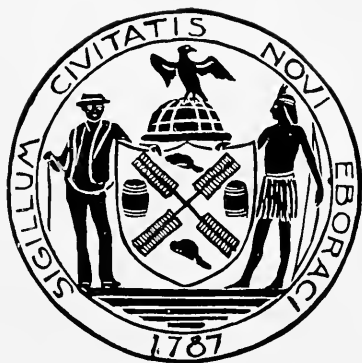
The monopoly lasted sixteen years, and by the end of this time six hundred new houses had been erected in the city, the ships had



Published in 1746.

A SOUTH PROSPECT OF YE FLOURISHING CITY OF NEW YORK.

increased in number from three to sixty, and the imports and exports had trebled in value. The beavers, the flour barrels, and the windmill-arms on



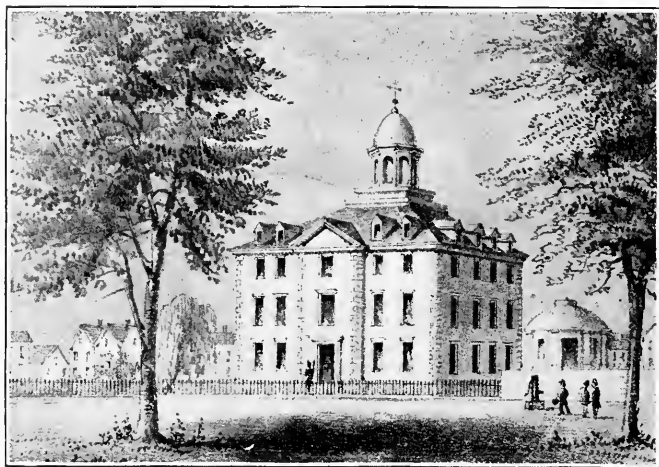
our coat-of-arms show the foundations of the great wealth of our city.

By 1683, the city had grown so as to make it necessary to divide it into six wards — South Ward, Dock Ward, East Ward, North Ward, West Ward, and the Out Ward. Years after, Montgomerie Ward was made out of a part of the Out Ward.

In 1686, Governor Dongan granted the city the Charter which bears his name. It still forms the basis of the rights and privileges of our city. In 1691, Leisler was hanged

for so-called treason by order of Governor Sloughter.

By 1697, provision had been made for lighting and cleaning the streets. Listen to what



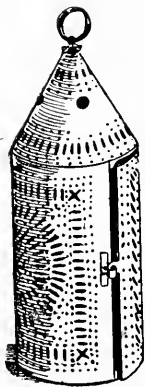
OLD JAIL, SITUATED AT THE NORTH-EAST EXTREMITY OF THE PARK.

Alice Morse Earle says of this and fires in the chapter on "Town Life" in her "Colonial Days in Old New York": *

"In December, 1697, city lamps were

* Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

ordered in New York 'in the dark time of the moon, for the ease of the inhabitants.' Every seventh house was to cause a lanthorn and candle to be hung out on a pole, the expense to be equally shared by the seven neighbors, and a penalty of nine pence was decreed for every default. And perhaps the watch called out in New York, as did the watch in Old York, London, and other English cities, 'Lanthorn, and a whole candell-light! Hang out your light here.'



"The first mention of street-cleaning was in 1695, when Mr. Vanderspiegle undertook the job for thirty pounds a year. By 1701, considerable pains were taken to clean the city, and to remove obstructions in the public ways. Every Friday dirt was swept, by each citizen,

in a heap in front of his or her house, and afterward carted away by public cartmen, who had threepence a load if the citizen shovelled the dirt into the cart, sixpence if the cartman



CANAL IN BROAD STREET, 1659.

loaded the cart himself. Broad Street was cleaned by a public scavenger, paid by the city; for the dirt from other streets was constantly washed into it by rains, and it

was felt that Broad Street residents should not be held responsible for other people's dirt.

“Regard was paid, from an early date, to preserving ‘The Commons.’ It was ordered that lime should not be burned thereon; that no hoopsticks or saplings grown thereon should be cut; no timbers taken to make into charcoal; no turfs or sods carried away therefrom; no holes dug therein; no rubbish deposited thereon.

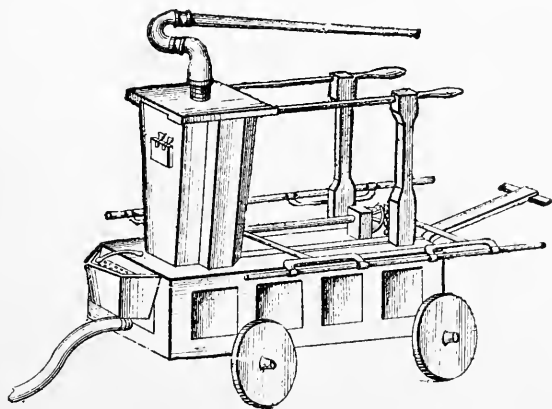
“Within the city walls all was orderly and quiet. ‘All persons who enter ye gates of ye city with slees (sleighs), carts, and horses, horseback, not to ride faster than a foot-tap.’ The carters were forced to dismount and walk at their horses’ heads. All moved slowly in the town street. Living in a fortified town, they still were not annoyed by discharge of

guns, for the idle 'fyring of pistells and gunns' was prohibited.

"In spite of vigilance, and in spite of laws, foul chimneys were constantly found. We hear of the town authorities reciting that they had long since condemned flag-roofs, and wooden and platted chimneys, but their orders had been neglected, and several fires have occurred; therefore, they amplify their former orders as follows: 'All flag-roofs, wooden chimneys, hay barracks, and haystacks shall be taken down within four months, in the penalty of twenty-five guilders.'

"The magistrates further equipped the town against conflagration, by demanding payment of a beaver skin from each house, to purchase with the collected sum two hundred and fifty leathern fire buckets from the Fatherland. But delays were frequent in ocean transporta-

tion, and the shoemakers in town finally made the buckets. . . . By 1738, two engines, with small wooden wheels, or rollers, were imported from England, and cared for with much pride."



About two miles above the city, on the eastern shore of the North River, had been an Indian village, known as Sapokanican. Wouter Van Twiller, shortly after his arrival, had started a tobacco farm at this place. A settlement later grew up about the place, for

the lands were fertile, "the air was sweet," the water pure and plentiful, and about it was the virgin forest, affording plenty of game for the larder. Here it was that



MANETTA WATER.

George and his maid were brought by his father, and here they settled, near the Manetta water. This spot was afterwards known as Greenwich Village, now the Ninth Ward of Manhattan.

George saw but little of his father, who was more than busy looking after his plantation. It was Harriet who had charge of him, though she had to do the housework, too. Like all little boys, he sometimes wanted to be amused. The surest way to do this, when George was fretful, was for Harriet to take him up in her lap and tell him one of the old Suffolk tales, of which she knew so many, and of which he was so fond. His favorite was

THE CAP O'RUSHES.

There was once a very rich gentleman, and he had three daughters. Wishing to see how fond they were of him, he said to the first, "How much do you love me, my dear?"

"As much as I love my life," she said.

"That's good," said he, and he asked the second, "How much do you love me, my dear?"

"Why," she said, "better than all the world."

"That's good," said he, and he then asked the third, "How much do *you* love me, my dear?"

"Why," she replied, "I love you as fresh meat loves salt."

This reply made him angry. "You don't love me at all," said he, "and in my house you'll stay no more." He drove her out then and there, and shut the door in her face.

She started to walk, and went on and on till she came to a marsh. There she gathered a lot of rushes and made them into a kind of cloak, with a hood, to cover her from head to foot, and to hide her fine clothes. Then she went on and on till she came to a great house.

Here she knocked at the kitchen door, and asked the girl who opened it if they wanted a maid.

"No, we don't," said the girl.

"I have nowhere to go. I ask no wages, and I'll do any sort of work."

"Well," said the girl, "if you like to wash the pots and scrape the saucepans, you may stay."

So she stayed there, and washed the pots, and scraped the saucepans, and did all the dirty work. And because she gave no name, they called her Cap O'Rushes.

Well, one day there was to be a great dance a little way off. All the servants were let go to look at the grand people. Cap O'Rushes said she was too tired to go, so she stayed at home when the others went.

But when they were gone, she took off her cap and gown of rushes, cleaned herself, and went to the dance. And no one was so finely dressed as she.

Who was there but her master's son, and

when he saw her he would dance with no one else.

Before the dancing was done, Cap O'Rushes dropped out and went home.

And when the other maids got back, she was asleep, with her cap o' rushes on.

Next morning they said to her, "You missed a sight, Cap O'Rushes."

"Why, what was that?" said she.

"The prettiest lady you ever saw, dressed most beautifully. The young master danced and danced with her."

"Well, I should like to have seen her," said Cap O'Rushes.

"There's to be another dance this evening, and perhaps she'll be there."

But when it came evening, Cap O'Rushes was too tired to go with them. However, after they had gone, she took off her cap

o' rushes, cleaned herself, and away she went to the dance.

Again the master's son would dance with no one else.

Before the dance was over, she slipped off and was soon home. When the maids reached there, they found her asleep, with her cap o' rushes on.

Next day they said to her again, "Well, Cap O'Rushes, you should have been there to see the lady. She was there again, and the young master danced with nobody else but her."

"Yes," she replied, "I should like to have seen her."

"Well," they said, "there's a dance again this evening, and you must come with us, for she is sure to be there."

When the evening came, Cap O'Rushes said she was too tired to go, and do what they

would, she stayed at home. But when they were gone, she took off her cap o' rushes, cleaned herself, and away she went to the dance.

The master's son was more than glad to see her, and danced with no one else. He asked for her name. She would not tell him that, nor where she came from. He gave her a ring, and told her if he did not see her again he should die.

Before the dance was over, she slipped away home, and when the maids got back there, she was asleep, with the cap o' rushes on.

Next day they said to her, "There, Cap O'Rushes, you didn't come last night, and now you won't see the lady, for there are no more dances."

"Well, I should like to have seen her," said she.

The master's son tried every way to find out where the lady had gone. But go where he would, and ask whom he would, he heard nothing. He worried and worried, until he got so sick he had to take to his bed.

"Make some gruel for the young master," they said to the cook. "He's dying for love of the lady."

The cook set about making it, when Cap O'Rushes came in.

"What are you doing?" said she.

"I'm going to make some gruel for the young master," said the cook, "for he's dying for love of the young lady."

"Let me make it," said Cap O'Rushes. The cook wouldn't at first, but at last she said yes; and Cap O'Rushes made the gruel. And when she had made it, she slipped the ring into it on the sly, before the cook took it up stairs.

The young man drank the gruel and saw the ring at the bottom. "Send for the cook," he said. So up she came.

"Who made this gruel?" said he.

"I did," said the cook, for she became frightened as he looked at her.

"No, you didn't," he said. "Tell who did it, and you sha'n't be harmed."

"Well then, 'twas Cap O'Rushes," said the cook.

"Send Cap O'Rushes to me," he cried.

So Cap O'Rushes came.

"Did you make this gruel?" he asked.

"Yes, I did," said she.

"Where did you get this ring?" was the next question.

"From him who gave it me."

"Who are you, then?" said the young man.

"I'll show you," said the girl, and she took

off her cap and gown of rushes, and there stood in her beautiful clothes.

Well, the Master's son got well very soon, and they were to be married in a very little while. It was to be a grand wedding, and every one was asked, far and near. And Cap O'Rushes' father was asked. But she never told anybody who she was.

Before the wedding she went to the cook and said to her: "I want you to dress every dish without a mite of salt."

"Then the food won't be good," said the cook.

"That doesn't signify," said she.

"Very well," said the cook.

Well, the wedding day came and they were married. And after they were married, all the company sat down to the breakfast.

When they tasted the beef they could not eat it because it was so tasteless. But Cap

O'Rushes' father, he tried first one dish and then another, and then he burst out crying.

"What's the matter?" said the Master's son to him.

"Oh!" said he, "I had a daughter, and I asked her how much she loved me. She said, 'As much as fresh meat loves salt.' Then I turned her from my door for I thought she didn't love me. Now I see she loved me best of all, and she may be dead for aught I know."

"No, father, here she is," said Cap O'Rushes.

And she went up to him and put her arms around him, and they were happy ever after.

This was the story George liked to hear after supper, and when Cap O'Rushes' father had found her he was willing to go to bed, where he would go off to dreamland whilst Harriet crooned this lullaby:

“Sleep, baby, sleep,
Our cottage vale is deep ;
The little lamb is on the green
With woolly fleece so soft and clean —
Sleep, baby, sleep !



“Sleep, baby, sleep,
Down where the woodbines creep ;
Be always like the lamb so mild,
A kind, and sweet, and gentle child —
Sleep, baby, sleep !”

In the March following their arrival, George's father had to go to town one day to buy a new wig. All the gentry wore them at this time.

Shortly after he had reached Hanover Square where his wigmaker carried on business, an alarm of fire was heard from the Fort, now Fort George, as the name changed with the change of the rulers in England. With the other citizens he ran to the fire to help put it out, but all their efforts were fruitless. Not only was the Governor's House burnt down, but the chapel, the stables and the barracks as well. George heard all about this when his father returned home.

During the following month, a number of fires occurred in the city, and the whites accused the blacks of having hatched a plot to burn the town. At this time one-fifth of the population

was composed of negro slaves. They were under the most stringent laws. A slave could not testify against a freeman. He was not permitted to buy anything, not even the smallest necessary of life. If three of them were found together they were punished with forty lashes on the bare back. The calaboose for their punishment stood on the Commons, and at the foot of Wall Street was the slave market.

Nearly every housekeeper owned slaves, but there were none about George's home. His father did not believe in slave-holding, as most white men of that day did. He had been told, shortly after his arrival, of the alleged plot of 1712, when nineteen poor negroes had been executed for supposed complicity in it, and he shuddered at the thought that such cruelty could be practised under the English flag.

Occasional travelers from the city, when

stopping over night with them, would tell, while they were seated around the porch before going to bed, of the great excitement then in the city; of the negroes who had been arrested, tried, convicted, and executed, either by hanging or burning at the stake; of the hanging of John Ury, a white schoolmaster, who was accused of being concerned in the plot. They wondered when it would all stop. They did not know that this reign of terror would continue until near the end of September, when the citizens recovered their senses, and affairs went on as before.

During the next year or two, George waxed fat and strong. Harriet took good care to teach him to love the King, and everything else English, particularly the county they had come from — Suffolk. She taught him his A-B-abs, and then to read; and at the table

he was always reminded of what he had to do by a little verse he learned from her :

“Of a little, take a little,
Manners so to do;
Of a little, leave a little,
That is manners, too.”

Another verse she made him learn :

“Wilful waste makes woeful want,
And you may live to say,
I wish I had the piece of bread
That once I threw away.”

This verse did much to make him a careful, saving lad.

On Shrove Tuesday he always had pancakes for supper, carrying out the home custom; and he firmly believed, with Harriet, that if it rained on St. Swithin's Day, July 15, it would rain forty days thereafter; for does not the old verse run :

“ St. Swithin’s day if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain ;
St. Swithin’s day if thou be fair,
For forty days ’twill rain no more ” ?

The evening of the fifth of November, Guy Fawkes’ Day, was celebrated in the city, by the English illuminating their houses, burning big bonfires on the streets, and firing guns. It was one of their great holidays, and was held in celebration of the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot (1605), a conspiracy formed by a few desperate men, under the leadership of Guy Fawkes, to blow up the Houses of Parliament in London. You may be sure, as soon as George was old enough he had his bonfire, too. Think of him the next time you see a fire on election night, for the custom has descended to us from George’s time.

It was about this time that George learned

to skate on Manetta Creek, in which stream he caught his first trout the next spring. Then, when he had learned the delights of fishing, he



would often go with his father after the perch in Collect Pond. His bait was angle-worms, but he soon got tired of digging for them every time he wanted to go fishing; so he

devised a plan for keeping them. He got a clean tin box, in the cover of which he made a number of small holes to let in the air. He then got some damp moss and nearly filled the box with it. In the evening he went out on the grass with a lantern, and by its aid soon had a lot of night-crawlers, which he put into his box. When he wanted to go fishing, all he had to do was to take a lump of moss out of the box, which he kept in a cool place, and he would find the moss filled with strong, healthy worms.

During the summer, he learned to play Rounders. This is the game from which our baseball comes. He and three playmates would take part, using a rubber ball and a flat bat. One pitched, one caught, one fielded, and the other was the batter. When the batter hit the pitched ball, he had to run as far

as the pitcher's place and back to home. If one of the other players could recover the ball, throw it at him, while he was running, and hit him, the batter was out, and the catcher went to the bat, the pitcher became catcher; and the fielder, pitcher. The batter who had been put out went into the field.

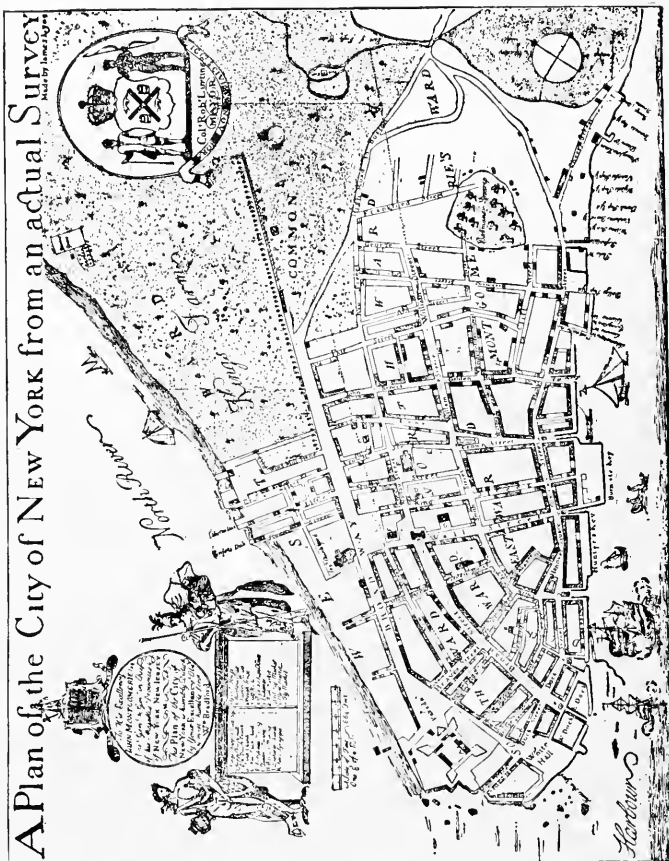
If there were not enough on hand to play Rounders they played Kit-cat, with short sticks and a cat, just as it is played today.

His father taught him and the other boys to swim in the Hudson, there being a low, shelving beach near where they lived.

The first day George went to town was one long to be remembered. It was time for George to get more schooling than he could get at home and his father had determined to put him at school in the city. They were up bright and early, and after breakfast, they

A Plan of the City of New York from an actual Survey

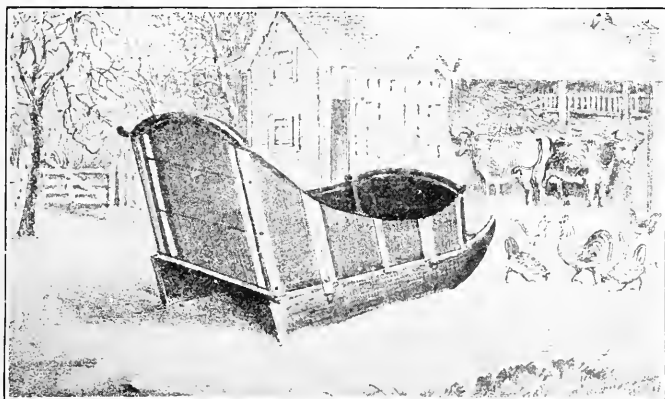
Made by James Hayes



MAP OF NEW YORK IN 1728.

set out, going by the river road, as the tide was out.

George's father was dressed for the occasion. He wore black knee-breeches with long, black silk stockings. His tight-fitting black broad-



OLD STYLE SLEIGH.

Valentine's Manual, 1863.

cloth coat was open in the front to show his embroidered waistcoat and ruffled shirt. On his shoes were silver buckles, and on his head covering his hair was his best wig coming down to his shoulders, and over his wig was a

plentiful supply of gray powder. Above the wig was the three-cornered hat. By his side was a sword and in his hand a cane.

After a pleasant walk they reached the city, passing through the west gate of the new stockade, a little to the north of where Warren and Greenwich Streets now intersect.

They went direct to the inn where they were to put up, "The Crown and Thistle" on the Whitehall, the starting point of the stage line to Burlington, N. J. Here they had some light refreshment, and then they went out for a walk.

The first thing that attracted George's attention was the sign on the door of each merchant's house. A goldsmith had "The Teapot and Tankard"; an ironmonger, "Golden Anvil and Hammer"; a brass founder, "Anvil and Candlestick"; a brazier, "Cat and Kettle"; a

coachmaker, "Chariot and Phæton"; an inn, "Dog's Head in the Porridge Pot."

They strolled around until it was time for dinner, when they returned to the "Crown and Thistle," had their dinner, and in the afternoon went out again.

When they were tired walking, they went into a coffee-house, and here each had a cup of tea, while they listened to one of the gentlemen present read aloud the latest London news from the Boston "News Letter."

After resting themselves sufficiently they continued their walk. As they passed the Bowling-Green they saw a party of gentlemen playing at bowls, whilst a little farther on they saw a gentleman golfing, and nearby a party of boys playing tennis. On they went, out into the country, until they reached a spring of very good water, afterwards known as the Tea

Water Pump, where, after refreshing themselves with a draught of the delicious water, they sat down on the grass and watched the slaves filling kegs with water to take to their masters' houses, there being no good water in the city.

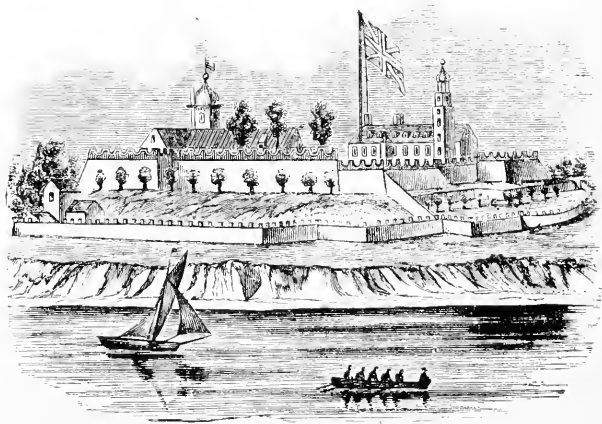
It was soon time for them, however, to return to the city and visit the private school where George was to be placed. Here they called, made the necessary arrangements, and here George remained, learning English, mathematics, Latin and Greek, as well as fencing and dancing, until 1754, when King's College, now Columbia, being opened, he entered it as a student.



NEW YORK ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



THE MEAL AND SLAVE MARKET, FOOT OF WALL STREET, 1746.



THE BATTERY IN 1746.

ROBERT, THE AMERICAN BOY.

When George the Third ascended the English throne, there came into the world in a house in Crown (now Liberty) Street in the City of New York, a sturdy youngster, called by his parents, Robert.

The New York of that day contained nearly twenty thousand inhabitants and the city extended to the north side of the Commons. While it had increased in wealth, the people felt that the Navigation Acts, which forbade the colonists to trade with any country but England or to export to England any merchandise save in English vessels, had not permitted them to do as well as they could have done had their trade not been restricted. Manufacturing was practically forbidden. Raw materials, iron, wool, and the like, had to be shipped to England

in English vessels, there to be manufactured and returned to America, where a heavy duty had to be paid on them. Sugar, molasses, and all other articles of luxury when brought into the country were heavily taxed. This made the people discontented.

Despite the fact that many were bitter against the home government, they did not forget to enjoy themselves. In the warm weather there were pleasant places of amusement which they frequented. Here is the advertisement of one favorite spot:

Spring Gardens, near the College, lately belonging to Mr. John Marshall, is opened for breakfasting from 7 o'clock till 9.

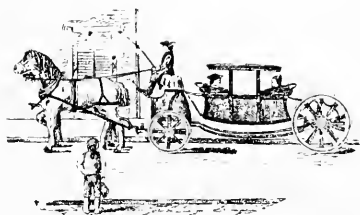
Tea in the afternoon from 3 to 6.

The best of green tea, etc.

Hot French rolls will be provided.

N. B.—Pies and tarts will be drawn from 7 in the evening till 9, where gentlemen and ladies may depend on good attendance.

Some people now kept their carriages, vehicles unknown in the Dutch days, though there was not much



A LANDAU.

occasion for their use, as the short distances in the city could easily be made on foot, while the roads leading out of the city were not in the best condition.

The theater furnished amusement to many. The play began at six o'clock, and ladies "are requested to send their servants to keep their places at 4 o'clock, the tickets to be had at the Bible and Crown, in Hanover Square, and at Mr. Hayes's, at the area of the theatre." As the streets were now lighted with lamps there was but little danger in being out after nightfall.

Nor were the blacks forgotten. Their great outing was on Pinkster. Cooper, in "Satans-

toe," gives some vivid pictures of the city at this time:



AMERICAN STAGE COACH.

His hero, Corney Littlepage, on his first visit to the city goes to see the Patroon of Albany pass by.

“We were not altogether children and blacks who were out on the Bowery that day — many

tradesmen were among us, the leather aprons making a goodly parade on that occasion. I saw one or two persons wearing swords, hovering around, in the lanes and in the woods.

. . . I shall not stop to say much of the transit of the patroon. He came about noon, as was expected, and in his coach-and-four, with two outriders, coachman, etc., in liveries, as is usual in the family of the gentry. . . .

The patroon was a sightly, well-dressed gentleman, wearing a scarlet coat, flowing wig, and a cocked-hat; and I observed that the handle of his sword was solid silver."

Later, Corney goes to see the Pinkster frolic. Here is what he says of it:

"The next day was the first of the three that are devoted to Pinkster—the great Saturnalia of the blacks. . . . He meets two companions and "about nine o'clock all three of us



TRINITY CHURCH AS ENLARGED, 1737.

passed up Wall Street, on the stoops of which no small portion of its tenants were seated, enjoying the sight of the negroes, as, with happy, shining faces, they left the different dwellings to hasten to the Pinkster field.

“After showing Jason (one of his companions) the City Hall, Trinity Church, and the City Tavern, we went out of town, taking the direction of a large common.

“Jason was at first confounded by the noise, dances, music, and games that were going on. By this time nine-tenths of the blacks of the city, and of the whole country within thirty or forty miles, indeed, were collected in thousands in those fields, beating banjos, singing African songs, and laughing in a way that seemed to set their very hearts rattling within their ribs. . . . Among other things some were making music by



TRINITY CHURCH.

Valentine's Manual, 1859.

beating on skins drawn over the ends of hollow logs, while others were dancing to it in a manner to show that they felt infinite delight.

“Hundreds of whites were walking through the fields, amused spectators. Among these last were a great many children of the better class, who had come to look at the enjoyment of those who attended them, in their ordinary amusements.”

Robert grew up a sturdy lad. The troubles that were brewing did not trouble him in the least, no matter what they meant to his father and the other Sons of Liberty, as the younger men of the patriots throughout the thirteen colonies called themselves.

When Robert was five years old Parliament, passed the Stamp Act. This law required that all deeds, receipts, checks, and the like should

be written on stamped paper, the revenues arising from the sale of this paper to go to the English government. It was ordered that the law should go into effect on the first of the following November.



When news of this reached the different colonies, opposition arose, which resulted in the holding of the *First Colonial Congress* in New York in October. This body protested to both King and Parliament against the tax, but to no avail. The Stamp Act was to be enforced. Late in October a vessel arrived with the stamps on board.

Next morning when Robert went out with his father the first thing that struck their eyes

was a written placard pasted on the door of the house opposite:

Pro Patria
The first Man that either
distributes or makes use of Stamp
Paper, let him take Care of
his House, Person, & Effects.
Vox Populi;
We Care

and no matter where they went the talk was all of the injustice of making the colonists use stamped paper. Much of the talk Robert could not understand, but he could and did understand the spirit that resented an injustice.

The morning before the day set for the act to go into effect, Robert was wakened by the

tolling of bells. He jumped out of bed and looking out of the window, saw that the flags were at half mast.

Minute-guns were fired.

"What does it mean, father?" he said.

"It means, my son," the father replied, "the last day of liberty."

That evening Robert's father was one of the merchants who met together and agreed to import no goods from England while the Stamp Act remained in force.

The people co-operated with the merchants, and began manufacturing what they needed, instead of importing the goods from England.

Owing to this determined opposition of the colonists the act was never enforced and the following year Parliament repealed it. The Liberty Boys erected a liberty pole on the common in honor of their victory.

On the post-office building on Broadway you will find a tablet commemorating this event.

ON THE COMMON OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
NEAR WHERE THIS BUILDING NOW STANDS THERE
STOOD FROM 1766 TO 1776 A LIBERTY POLE ERECTED
TO COMMEMORATE THE REPEAL OF THE STAMP ACT
IT WAS REPEATEDLY DESTROYED BY THE VIOLENCE OF
THE TORIES AND AS REPEATEDLY REPLACED BY THE
SONS OF LIBERTY WHO ORGANIZED A CONSTANT
WATCH AND GUARD. IN ITS DEFENCE THE
FIRST MARTYR BLOOD OF THE AMERICAN
REVOLUTION WAS SHED ON JAN. 18, 1770.

A. D. 1897 ERECTED BY
THE MARY WASHINGTON COLONIAL CHAPTER
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

When Robert was old enough he was sent to the school of the Dutch Church. His father helped him with his lessons, so that he made rapid progress. Occasionally his father would



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, 1850.

tell him of the old days in New York. He liked to hear of the pirates, and never tired of hearing the story of Captain Kidd. This is the way his father told it:



“During the time of Governor Fletcher, seventy years ago, you might have seen on the streets at any time during the day, had you been in New York, fierce looking men, gayly dressed, who were plainly seamen. They spent money freely, as it came easily. They were pirates, and they came to be pirates in this way:

“European powers, when at war with one another, commissioned private vessels to make war on the enemies’ commerce. These vessels

were called privateers, and were supposed to attack only merchantmen flying the enemy's flag; but many of them paid no respect to any flag, capturing everything that came in their way. They then ceased to be privateers and became pirates.

“New York, having a fine harbor and being a good market, was infested with them. They walked the streets boldly, for they were sure of not being molested; and disposed of their captured goods as opportunity offered, going on another voyage when every thing was sold. It was suspected that Governor Fletcher had a share in their booty.

“This was all very well for the pirates, but the honest merchants saw their trade disappearing. They made such strong objections that the English government had to do something to stop the piracy. They recalled

Fletcher and appointed as his successor, Lord Bellamont, with instructions to suppress this illegal business.



A PIRATE.

“Accordingly, Lord Bellamont fitted out a vessel, with the help of a number of gentlemen,

and gave the command of it to Captain William Kidd, a New York sea captain, who was instructed to go to the India seas, and there destroy the pirates. He sailed to the India seas, but instead of destroying the pirates he became one himself. He flew the black flag only two years, but he plundered scores of ships in that time, amassed great wealth, and made his name a terror on the seas.

“He came back to New York in a vessel he had captured, burying his part of the treasure on an island in Long Island Sound and giving the crew their portion and discharging them. As Fletcher was no longer in control in New York, there was no longer protection for pirates, so Kidd went to Boston, where he lived under an assumed name. Lord Bellamont happened to meet him on the street one day and recognizing him, had him arrested. Kidd was sent

to England for trial, found guilty of piracy, sentenced to death and hung in May, 1701. After his death the authorities dug up the gold, silver, and jewels he had buried, and kept them."



BOWLING GREEN IN 1800.

During Robert's summer holidays, when he was nine years old, his father redeemed a promise made in the winter--that they would make a trip to Kingsbridge some fine day.

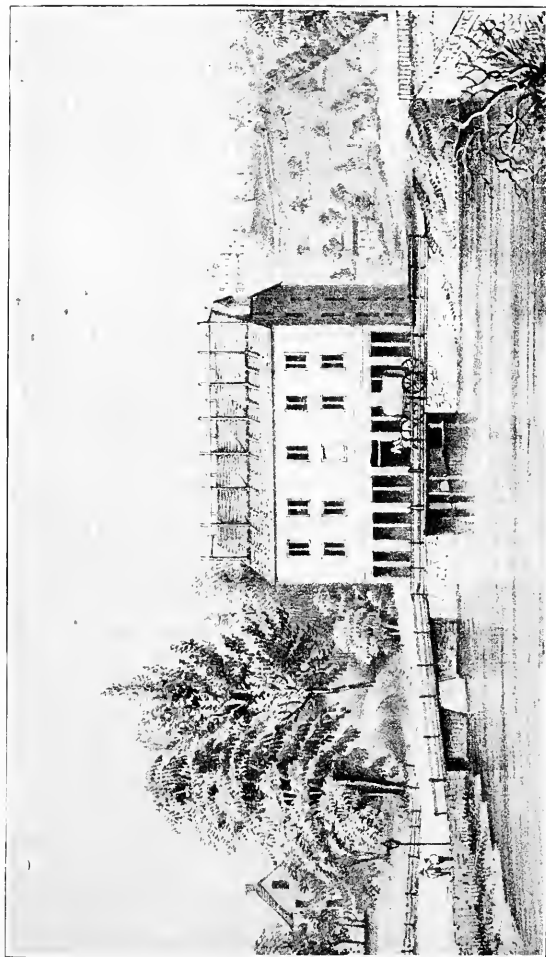
It was a long walk for a little fellow, but as they were to take their time, Robert did not mind that.



THE BATTERY AND BOWLING GREEN.

There was but one road that ran the length of the island in those days. It was known as the King's Bridge or Post Road. It began at the Bowery where it left the City at Chatham Square. It went north as far as Fourteenth Street along the line of Fourth Avenue, then crossed Union Square diagonally to Broadway and kept the course of the latter to Madison Square at Twenty-third Street.

Crossing this square diagonally, the road stretched along between Fourth and Second Avenues to Fifty-third Street, passed east of Second Avenue, and then turning westerly entered what is now Central Park at Ninety-second Street. Leaving the Park at a hollow in the hills known as McGowan's Pass on the line of One hundred and Seventh Street west of Fifth Avenue, it followed Harlem Lane to the end of the Island. Here, on the other side

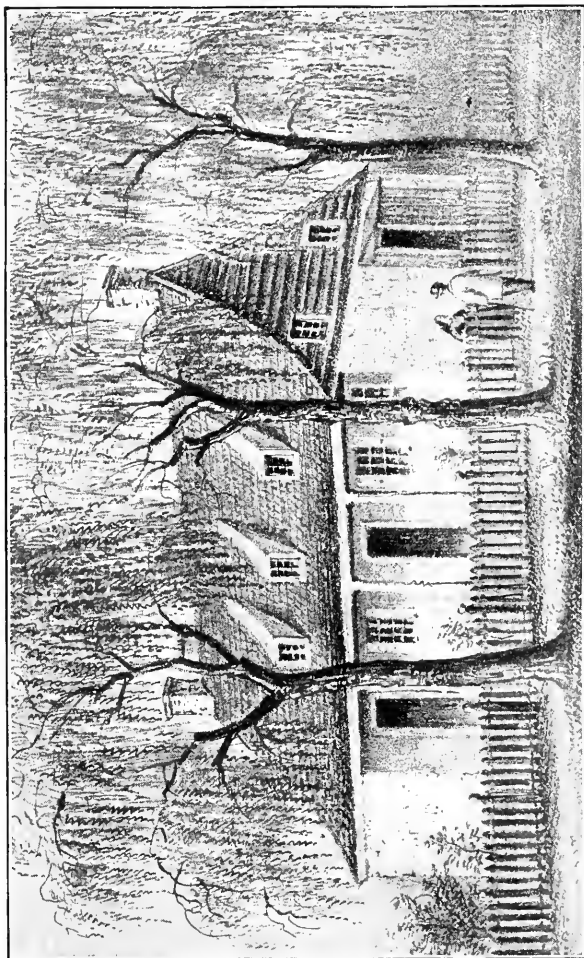


KING'S BRIDGE, N. Y.

From Valentine's Manual, 1850.

of a wooden bridge, the road diverged. Passing over Macomb Street, the right-hand road went to Boston, and the left-hand road to Albany. Of course you understand there were no avenues, squares, and streets at that time; the names of the thoroughfares of to-day are here given.

Robert and his father strolled leisurely along after they got outside the City. The sounds from the woods through which they were passing — the singing of the birds, the chattering of the many squirrels who were angry at being disturbed, the hum of the busy bees, the rippling of the running brooks, and the sighing of the wind through the trees — made pleasant music for their ears; while they feasted their eyes on the ever-varying vistas, through which now and then could be caught a glimpse of the rippling surface of the river.



STONE HOUSE, KINGSBRIDGE ROAD.

Long before noon they reached Day's Inn, where they stopped for dinner. In the cool of the afternoon they went on, passing the place where Fort Washington was soon to be built,



HUDSON RIVER FROM HOBOKEN

Valentine's Manual.

until they reached the bridge, which they crossed, and put up at Cock's Tavern. Here a good supper and a night's rest made them ready for more sight-seeing.

After breakfast the next morning they started to walk towards the Hudson. When they

reached the bridge they stopped to have a chat with the man who tended it. He was full of information and told them much of interest. He said :

“Long before the first bridge was built, 1693, the shallow place you see there,” pointing to the east, “was known as the ‘wading-place,’ the only spot where travellers to and from the island and the mainland could cross. Next came a ferry. The ferryman was required to keep a dwelling-house in which were three or four beds for strangers. The rates he could charge were made by the authorities, and were curious.” Here the man showed them a card with the following marked on it :

YE FERRYMAN — HIS RATES.

For lodging any person, 8 pence per night, in case they have a bed with sheets ; and without sheets, 2 pence in silver.

For transportation of any person, 1 penny in silver.

For transportation of a man and horse, 7 pence in silver.

For a single horse, 6 pence.

For a turn with his boat, for two horses, 10 pence; and for any more, 4 pence apiece; and if they be driven over, half as much.

For single cattle, as much as a horse.

For a boat loading of cattle, as he hath for horses.

For droves of cattle to be driven over, and opening ye gates, 2 pence per piece.

For feeding of cattle, 3 pence in silver.

For feeding a horse one day or night with hay or grass, 6 pence.

“As time went on, increasing travel made it necessary to have a bridge. The authorities, however, would not build it because of the expense. A citizen offered to build one provided he could charge tolls. He was given the necessary permission and built a draw-bridge a little to the east of where we are now standing, this bridge being built twenty years after.

“This was the only bridge between Manhattan and the mainland until a few years ago.

The King's Bridge was unpopular for two reasons: It was a toll-bridge; night travellers had great trouble in waking the gatekeeper to let them through the barrier. This led to the building of the Free Bridge which you see a little way to the east, which was opened with a grand barbecue on New Year's Day, 1759."

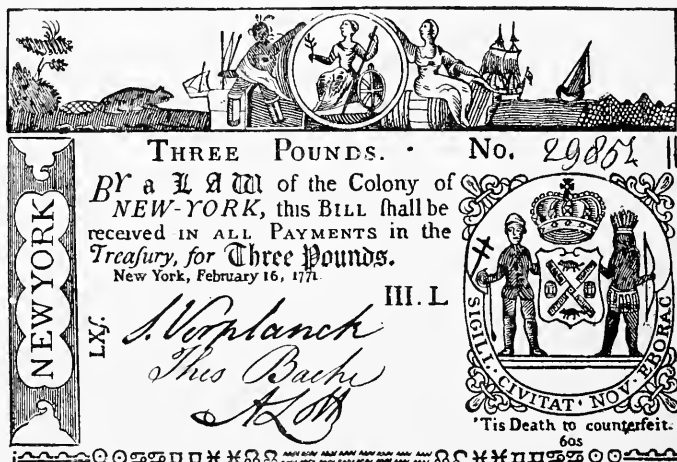
Thanking the man for his courtesy, they continued their walk, keeping close to the right bank of the creek, and soon reached a hilly country plentifully wooded. Here at the foot of Spuyten Duyvil hill they sat down by a spring of clear, cold water and refreshed themselves with a draught of it.

As they watched the waters of the creek rushing to join the lordly Hudson, Robert was told by his father of the Indians who formerly lived near the spot where they were sitting in a fortified village called "Nipnicksen," and

called his attention to a pile of oyster shells near at hand, left there by the Red Men.

Robert, who became very much interested in the Red Men, asked his father to what tribe they belonged, and was told they were Mannhattans of the tribe of Lennai-Lenapes or Delawares, who belonged to the great Algonquian nation. Then his father went on to tell him of the numerous tribes stretching along the Atlantic coast, into which this nation was divided, and of their enemies, the Iroquois, the "people of the Long House." Robert asked where *they* lived, and his father told him that the tribes composing the Six Nations, as they were called, lived in the central part of New York Province, and further that they were friendly to the English and deadly enemies of the French. Upon Robert asking for the names of the tribes, his father gave him the following:

Oneidas, Cayugas, Senecas, Onondagas, Mohawks, and Tuscaroras.



It was nearing sundown when Robert heard the last of the Indians — time to return to the inn for supper and sleep. Next day they went back to the city in the same leisurely fashion they had left it, very much pleased with their excursion.

As they walked along, Robert asked his father

why the place they had visited the day before was called Spuyten Duyvil. The father could not tell. Had it been a few years later than it was, so that he could have read what Irving wrote about Spuyten Duyvil in "Knicker-



SPUYTEN DUYVIL OF TO-DAY.

bocker's History of New York," he might have told Robert the story therein contained. But as Irving had not yet written the story, in fact was not yet born, of course he could not tell it. But if you will read the following you will find it for yourself.

A DOLEFUL DISASTER OF ANTONY, THE TRUMPETER.



WASHINGTON IRVING.

“Resolutely bent, however, upon defending his beloved city, in despite even of itself, Stuyvesant called unto him his trusty Van Corlear, who was his right-hand man in all times of emergency. Him did he adjure to take his war-denouncing trumpet, and mounting his horse, to beat up the country night and day; sounding the alarm along the pastoral borders of the Bronx; startling the wild solitudes of Croton; arousing the rugged yeomen of Weehawk and Hoboken, the mighty men of battle of Tappan Bay, and the brave boys of Tarrytown, Petticoat Lane, and Sleepy Hollow, charging them one and all to sling their powder-horns, shoulder their fowling-

pieces, and march merrily down to the Manhattoes.

“Now, there was nothing in all the world that Antony Van Corlear loved better than errands of this kind. So, just stopping to take a lusty dinner, and bracing to his side his junk-bottle, well charged with heart-inspiring Hollands, he issued jollily from the city gate, which looked out upon what is at present called Broadway, sounding a farewell strain, that rung in sprightly echoes through the winding streets of New Amsterdam. Alas! never more were they to be gladdened by the melody of their favorite trumpeter.

“It was a dark and stormy night when the good Antony arrived at the creek, which separates the island of Manna-hatta from the mainland. The wind was high, the elements were in an uproar, and no Charon could be found to

ferry the adventurous sounder of brass across the water. For a short time he vaped, like an impatient ghost, upon the brink, and then bethinking himself of the urgency of his errand, took a hearty embrace of the stone bottle, swore most valorously that he would swim across in spite of the devil! (Spuyt den Duyvil!) and daringly plunged into the stream. Luckless Antony! Scarce had he buffeted half way over, when he was observed to struggle violently, as if battling with the spirit of the waters — instinctively he put his trumpet to his mouth, and, giving a vehement blast, sank forever to the bottom.

“The clangor of his trumpet rang far and wide through the country, alarming the neighbors round, who hurried in amazement to the spot. Here, an old Dutch burgher, famed for his veracity, and who had been a witness of

the fact, related to them the melancholy affair, with the fearful addition (to which I am slow in giving belief) that he saw the *duyvil*, in the shape of a huge moss-bunker, seize the sturdy Antony by the leg, and drag him beneath the waves. Certain it is, the place, with the adjoining promontory, which projects into the Hudson, has been called *Spuyt den Duyvil* ever since. The ghost of the unfortunate Antony still haunts the surrounding solitudes, and his trumpet has often been heard by the neighbors, of a stormy night, mingling with the howling of the blast. Nobody ever attempts to swim across the creek after dark; on the contrary, a bridge has been built to guard against such melancholy accidents in the future; and as to the moss-bunkers, they are held in such abhorrence that no true Dutchman will admit them to his table."

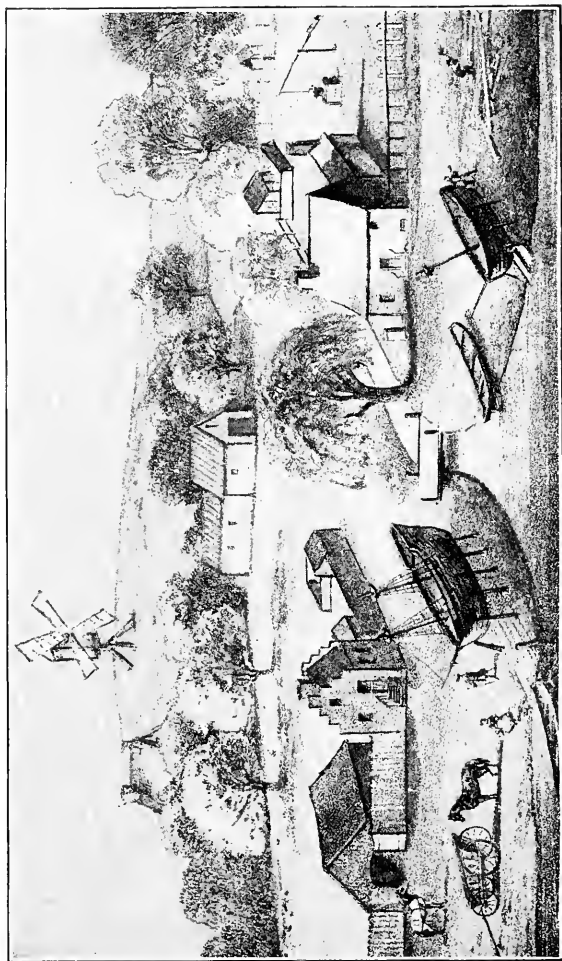
A horizontal number line with arrows at both ends. It has major tick marks labeled 0, 1, 2, and 3. A point is marked with a dot at the midpoint between 1 and 2, which is labeled 1.5.



From "The Campaign of 1776," by H. P. Johnson. By permission of the author.

Robert had often heard his father and mother talk of the Five Dutch Towns of Long Island — Breuckelen, later Brooklyn; Amersfoort, later Flatlands; Medwoud, later Flatbush; New Utrecht and Gravesend. These had been settled soon after Manhattan had been colonized.

Robert was so well pleased with his trip to the mainland, that but a few days after their return, he asked his father to take him across the river and show him Brooklyn. His father told him, if his mother consented, that they would make a long trip of it, and see not only Brooklyn but some other nearby towns. To Robert's delight his mother gave her permission, prepared such changes of clothing as they needed, and sent them on their way rejoicing bright and early one August morning.

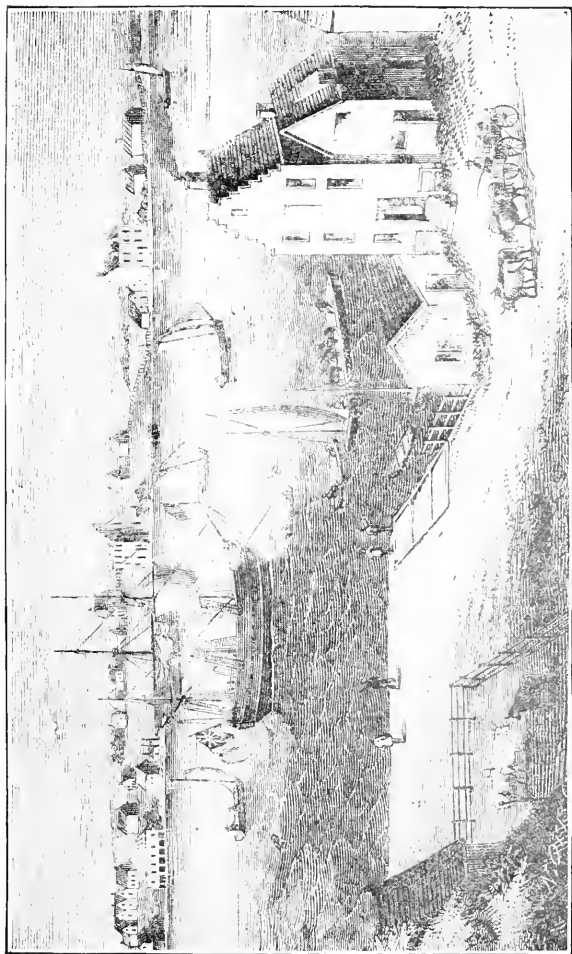


FLY MARKET, PRESENT SITE OF NAUDEN LANE.

It seemed but a step to the Fly Market where they were to take a boat. Robert asked his father why they called it Fly Market. His father told him that the Dutch when they were in possession of the town had called the market V'lei Market. It was situated in a little valley * through which ran a stream that emptied into the East River. "V'lei is Dutch for valley," said the father, "but the English found it a hard name to pronounce, and changed it to Fly, which is much easier to say."

Whilst they were talking they had reached the river where the ferryman was waiting for them. The father handed over the fare, two pence for each, they stepped on board and were ferried over to Nassau, as Long Island was sometimes then called, and landed at the King's highway, now Fulton street. They

* Now Maiden Lane.



BROOKLYN FERRY.

walked along leisurely toward Flatbush where they intended staying over night.

Upon reaching the village they put up at the inn, the sign of which, swung between two high poles in front of the door, showed the "Lion and Unicorn fighting for the Crown," the English coat of arms.

At supper that evening they met a gentleman who had just ridden in from Jamaica. They found him full of information and willing to talk. So, after supper, they went into the parlor, had the candles lit, and had a pleasant chat. He told them, in answer to their questions, how Flushing had been settled in 1645 and Jamaica in 1656, in both cases by Englishmen; and further said that for many years after Flushing had been settled there was no road by which the inhabitants could get to Brooklyn or New York, except by way

of Jamaica, owing to the swamps, streams and thick forests, which prevented direct communication. In good weather, however, a man who kept a small store near the head of the bay, would take passengers over to the city in a large canoe which he had bought from the Indians.

He told them further how in 1665, Long Island, Staten Island and Westchester were erected for legal purposes into a shire (county). It was called Yorkshire, upon Long Island; and was divided into districts called Ridings, as is Yorkshire in England. King's county, Staten Island and the town of Newtown were known as the West Riding; Suffolk County as East Riding; and the towns in Queens, with the exception of Newtown, and Westchester, as the North Riding. This division existed until 1683.

Coming down to a later day, he told them the story of Zachariah Hood, a stamp officer, who had fled from Maryland to New York and thence to Flushing in November, 1765. The Sons of Liberty heard of it, and some fifty of them went to Flushing by land and water, surrounded Hood's lodging and forced him to resign. They then escorted him to Jamaica, where he took the oath before a justice of the peace. Next morning the Sons of Liberty returned to New York in procession, carrying the flag of liberty inscribed

LIBERTY, PROPERTY AND NO STAMPS.

When the stranger had finished telling of the Liberty Boys it was late and time to go to bed.

Next morning they were up betimes. During breakfast Robert was asked by his father if he would like to see Staten Island. Robert said he would be only too glad to go. So after breakfast they started for the ferry. Here is how the ferry was advertised :

“This is to inform the Publick that John Lane now keeps the ferry at Yellow Hook, 6 miles below New York ferry on Long Island, and has provided good boats, well fitted, with proper hands, and will be ready at all times (wind and weather permitting) to go to Smith’s Ferry on Staten Island, with a single man only. There will be good entertainment at said house, where all gentlemen travellers and others may expect the best of usage, for themselves and horses, from their very humble servant,

JOHN LANE.

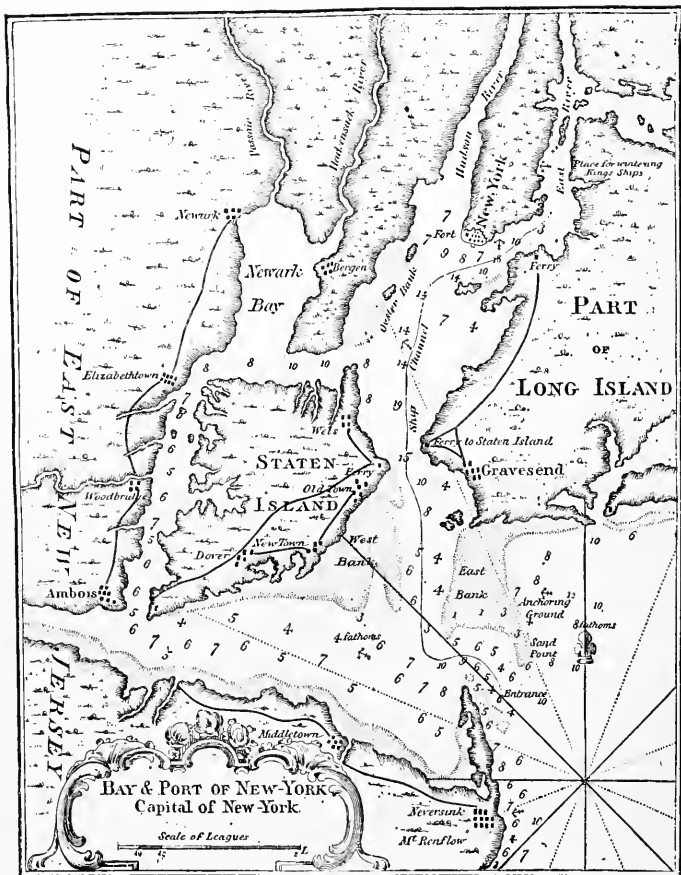
“N. B. Travellers are desired to observe in going from Flatbush to said ferry to keep the mark’d trees on the right hand.”

When they reached John Lane's, they had dinner, and while the notice said "with a single man only," no objection was made to letting Robert get on board the boat with his father, when they were ready to go. Crossing the



THE BLACK HORSE TAVERN TODAY.

Narrows, they disembarked on Staten Island, and walking to the southwest soon reached the Black Horse Tavern, a few years later to be made famous as the rendezvous of General Howe's troops.



NEW YORK, 1764

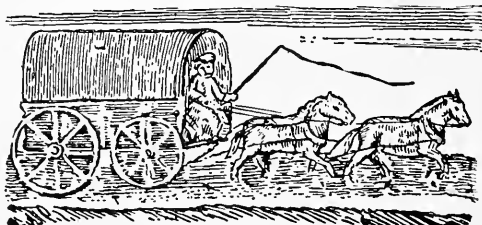
Bellin.

After dinner they continued their walk. Following the road, which led to the southwest, they reached the shore opposite Amboy. Here they turned to the north, and soon reached the Blazing Star Tavern, where they remained for the night.

During the evening, Robert's father asked the owner whether the stage-coach made a regular return trip the next day from Philadelphia to Powles's Hook (now Jersey City). The owner told him they could sail the next morning, by way of the new Blazing Star Ferry, to Bergen Point, and there take the stage-coach—the Flying Machine—which would get them to Powles's Hook before sunset, and thus enable them to cross the river the same day, as no boats were rowed over after dark.

They then asked the owner if he could tell

them anything of the purchase of the island. He told them that the island was sold and



To the PUBLIC.

THE FLYING MACHINE, kept by John Mercereau, at the New-Blazing-Star-Ferry, near New-York, sets off from Powles-Hook every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Mornings, for Philadelphia, and performs the Journey in a Day and a Half, for the Summer Season, till the 1st of November; from that Time to go twice a Week till the first of May, when they again perform it three Times a Week. When the Stages go only twice a Week, they set off Mondays and Thursdays. The Waggon in Philadelphia set out from the Sign of the George, in Second-Street, the same Morning. The Passengers are desired to cross the Ferry the Evening before, as the Stages must set off early the next Morning. The Price for each Passenger is *Twenty Shillings, Proc.** and Goods as usual. Passengers going Part of the Way to pay in Proportion.

As the Proprietor has made such Improvements upon the Machines, one of which is in Imitation of a Coach, he hopes to merit the Favour of the Publick.

JOHN MERCEREAU.

New York Gazette 1771

resold by the Indians to the whites. Finally, in 1670, under Governor Lovelace, nine sachems

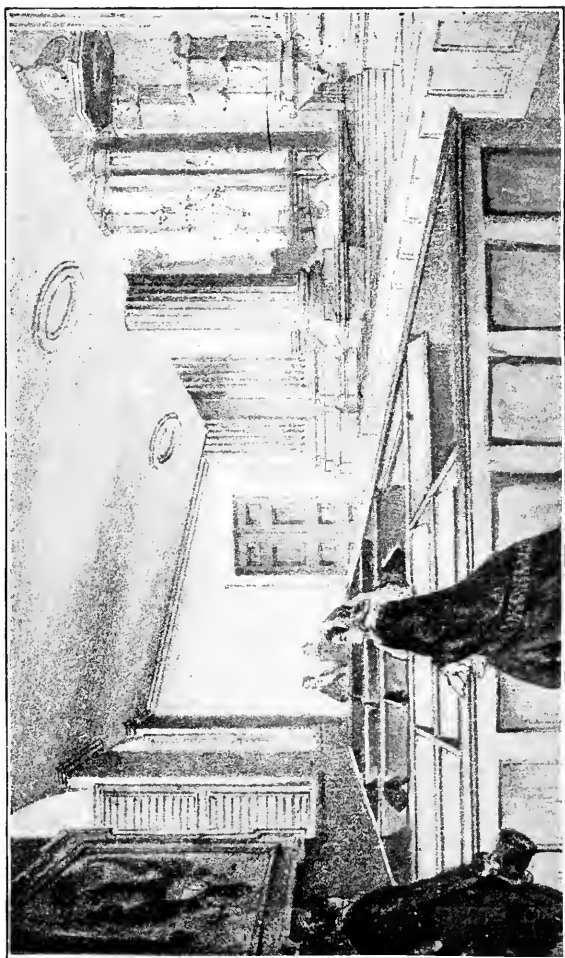
signed the deed which finally conveyed the island to the English.

The sale read as follows :

The payment agreed upon by ye purchase of Staten Island, conveyed this day by ye Indian Sachems' property is, *viz.* :

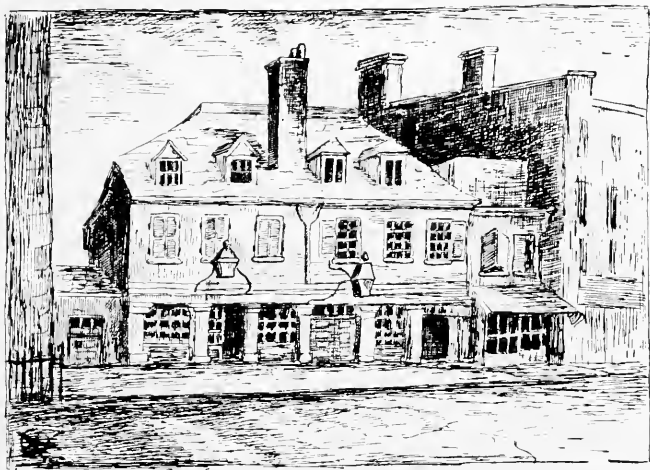
1. Four hundred fathoms of wampum.
 2. Thirty match boots.
 3. Eight coates of Durene made up.
 4. Thirty shirts.
 5. Thirty kettles.
 6. Twenty gunnes.
 7. A Firkin of powder.
 8. Sixty barres of lead.
 9. Thirty axes.
 10. Thirty horns.
 11. Fifty knives.
-

By the time the tavern-keeper had reached the end of the list, Robert's head was nodding



AISLE IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, SHOWING WASHINGTON'S PEW.

to and fro, for he had seen the sand-man. So to bed they went, to be ready for their long trip next day. When next day came, it proved to be pleasant, so they started and reached



HOUSE IN WHICH THE NON-IMPORTATION AGREEMENT OF THE COLONIES WAS SIGNED
ON OCT. 31, 1765.

Powles's Hook in time to cross over the Hudson from there to New York before dark, which was considered very good time in those days. They were home in good time for supper,

at which meal Robert had much to tell his mother of his trip.

When Robert was ten years old, he was walking past Golden Hill (now John Street), and saw there was some trouble between the citizens and soldiers. On inquiring of a man nearby, he found that the soldiers had cut down the liberty pole. While he was talking to the man, a blow was struck, and at it they went, soldiers with their bayonets, citizens with clubs, bludgeons, and stones. When the soldiers drew off, it was found that one citizen had been killed, three wounded, and a number injured; while many of the soldiers were badly beaten. Some claim this to be "the first conflict of the War of the Revolution."

A small tablet has been placed at the corner of William and John streets to commemorate this event.

GOLDEN HILL.
HERE JANUARY 18, 1770,
THE FIGHT TOOK PLACE BETWEEN THE
"SONS OF LIBERTY"
AND THE
BRITISH REGULARS, 16TH FOOT.
FIRST BLOOD IN THE
WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.
ERECTED BY THE SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.

When the Sons of Liberty were trying to prevent the landing of the taxed tea from the British ships in 1775, Robert managed to see all that was going on; in fact, his father shrewdly suspected, from some feathers and war-paint he found in Robert's bedroom, that Robert might have been a good Indian the afternoon the Mohawks opened the hold of the *London*, Captain Chambers, took out all the tea there was aboard of her — eighteen chests

—and, opening them, dumped the contents into the Hudson River.

As Robert was coming from church at noon on Sunday, April 23, 1775, he saw a dusty and travel-stained horseman come dashing into the city. It was the messenger with the news of the Battle of Lexington.

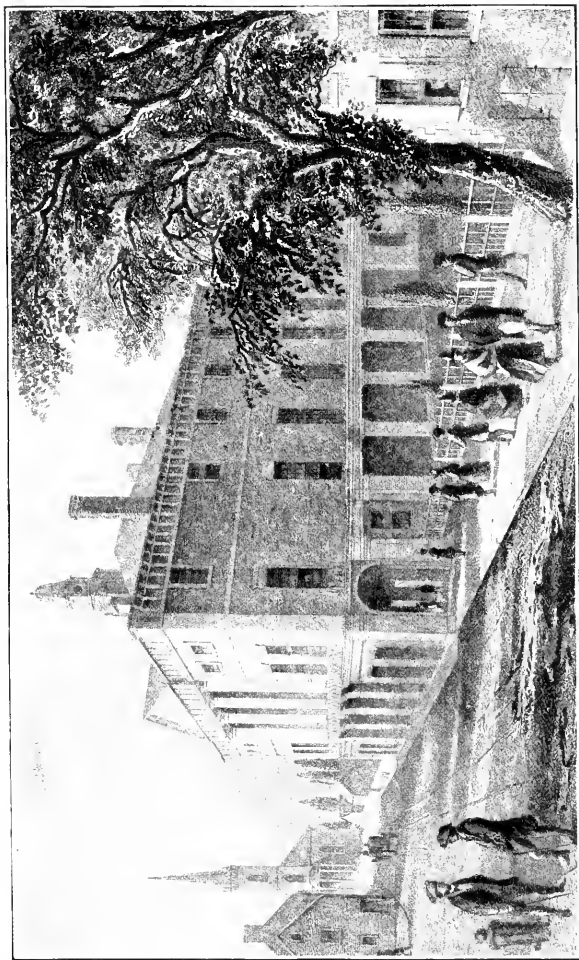
Now the lines between the Whigs and Tories, as the Americans and Loyalists were known, were tightly and sharply drawn. Robert's only regret was that he was not old enough to be a soldier. One day, while down in Broad Street, he saw Marinus Willett stop a whole regiment of English soldiers. It happened in this way:

The regiment had been ordered to Boston. They were permitted to leave, by the American authorities, on the stipulation that they should carry only their own pieces. Willett

saw ahead of this regiment as it walked down Broad Street, five carts filled with cases of muskets. He stopped the first horse, and when asked by the major why he did this, told him they had no right to the arms, ordered the drivers to turn out and drive up Beaver Street, which they did. These arms were afterwards used by the first troops raised in New York by order of Congress. A tablet commemorating this event has been placed at the corner of Broad and Beaver streets.

TO COMMEMORATE THE GALLANT AND PATRIOTIC
ACT OF MARINUS WILLETT IN HERE SEIZING,
JUNE 6TH, 1775, FROM BRITISH FORCES THE
MUSKETS WITH WHICH HE ARMED HIS
TROOPS. THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY
THE SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF THE
REVOLUTION. NEW YORK, NOV., 1892.

BORN, JULY, 1740. MARINUS WILLETT. DIED, AUG., 1830.
OFFICER OF NEW YORK MILITIA 1775-78. SHERIFF OF NEW YORK 1784-92.
MAYOR OF NEW YORK 1807-8. PRESIDENT OF ELECTORAL COLLEGE 1824.



OLD CITY HALL, WALL STREET, NEW YORK. ON ITS BALCONY, WASHINGTON WAS INAUGURATED PRESIDENT, 1789.

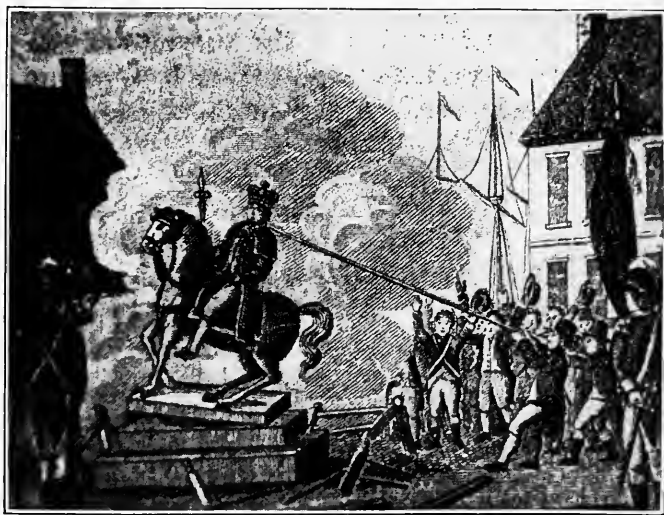
Robert was on hand on the night in August when the Liberty Boys, one of whom was Alexander Hamilton, removed the guns from the Battery, and were fired on by the British, one of their number being killed.

On July 9, Robert noticed that the troops were assembling on the Commons. He hastened to that spot, secured a place near the Liberty Pole, where he had a good view of



General Washington as he sat on his horse in front of the troops, and listened to the reading of the Declaration of Independence. When this ceremony was over, and the troops dis-

persed, Robert followed the crowd to see what they were going to do. He soon found out. They went down Broadway, until they reached the statue of George III., where they stopped.



From an old print.

"THE BRITISH SHALL HAVE MELTED MAJESTY FIRED AT THEM."

Busy hands attached a rope to its neck, and willing arms united to pull the statue over. It disappeared from public view. It was after-

wards melted and run into bullets, which were used by the Continental troops.

But the American troops were not long in possession of New York. The Battle of Long Island (August 27, 1776), saw our men defeated. Escaping to New York, under cover of a heavy fog, they defeated the British at Harlem Heights the following month.

A few days after the Harlem Heights affair, Nathan Hale, a captain in the Continental Army, was caught within the enemy's lines. There is but one penalty for this — death.

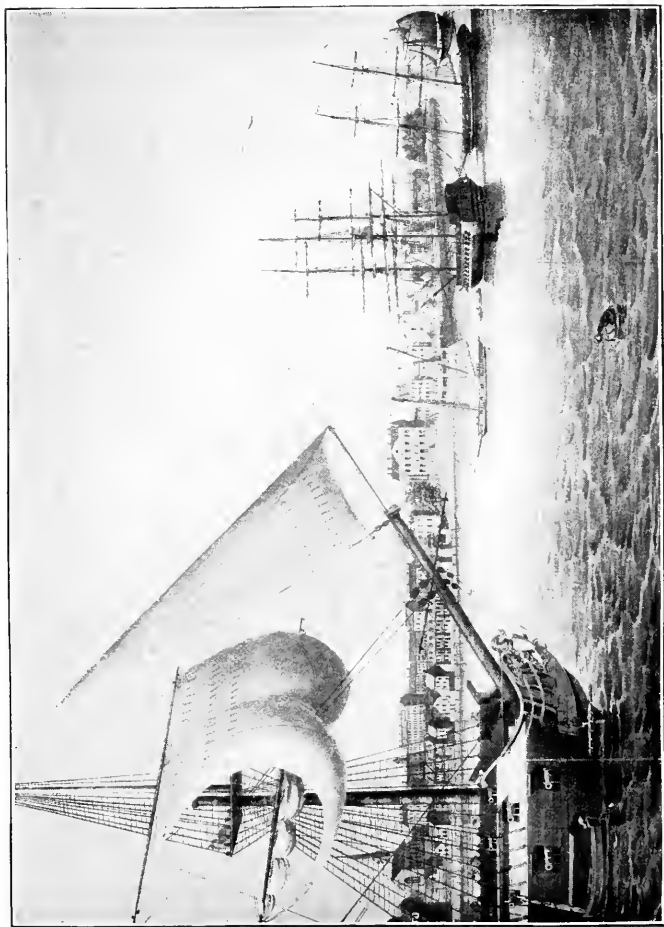
“To drum-beat and heart-beat,
A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye;
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
In a moment he must die.”

And Nathan Hale left this world regretting that he had but one life to give for his country.



NATHAN HALE MONUMENT, MANHATTAN.

Our troops were compelled to surrender Fort Washington, our last stronghold on Manhattan, to the enemy, on Nov. 16, and from that day until Nov. 25, 1783, New York was in the hands of the British. On the last-mentioned day, Robert, no longer a boy, saw the last boat-load of British leave the Battery, their flag come down, and the Stars and Stripes fly in the breeze. New York had seen the last of its colonial days.



NEW YORK ABOUT 1790.



RIGHT MAKES MIGHT.*

Ho! Watchman of the city gate,
How doth the city fare?
Doth any foeman lurk and wait
To pierce our armor there?
And, Watchman, is the wall made stout
With Freedom's holy might?
And is it builded round about
With Honor, Truth and Right?

Refrain:

Oh! yes, the city wall is strong,
And proud our city's name —

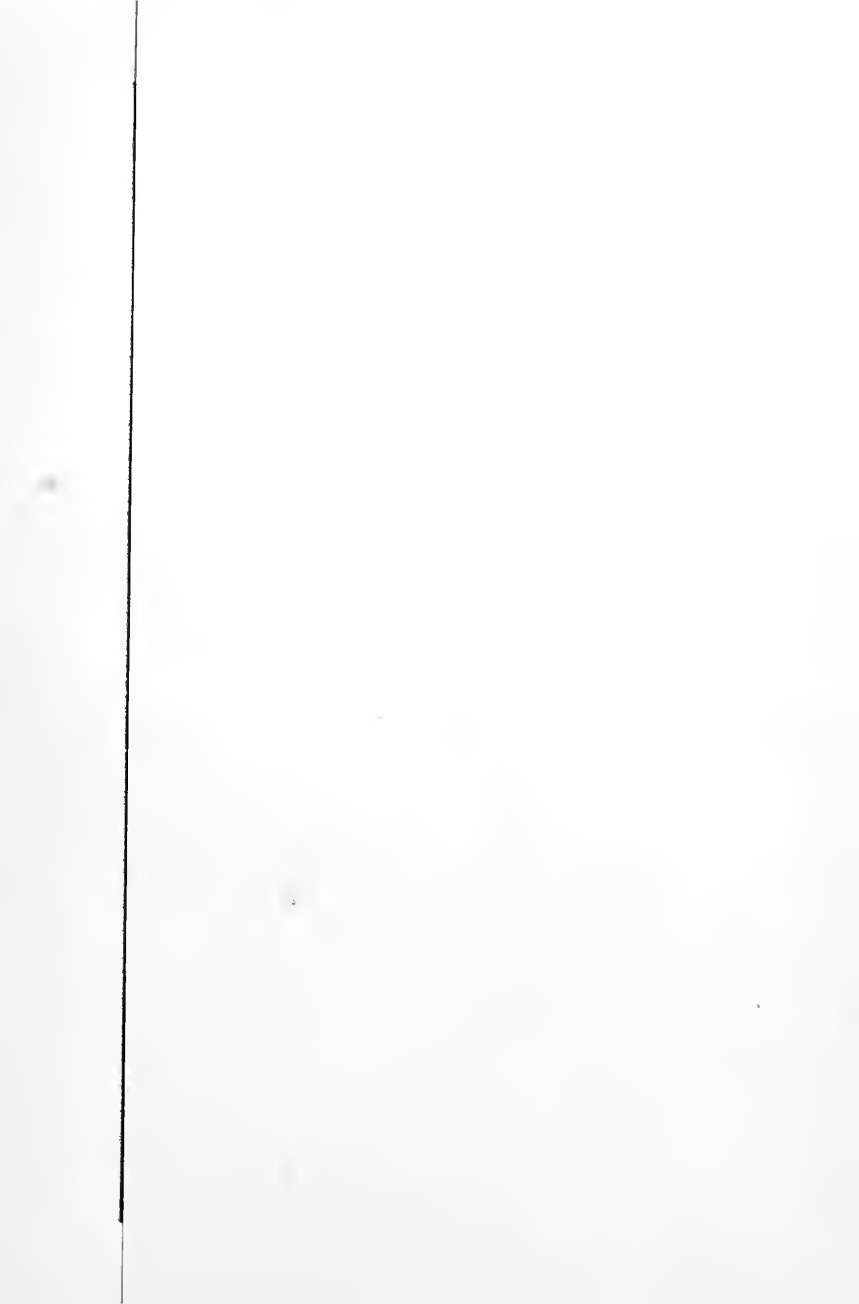
* By permission of the author.

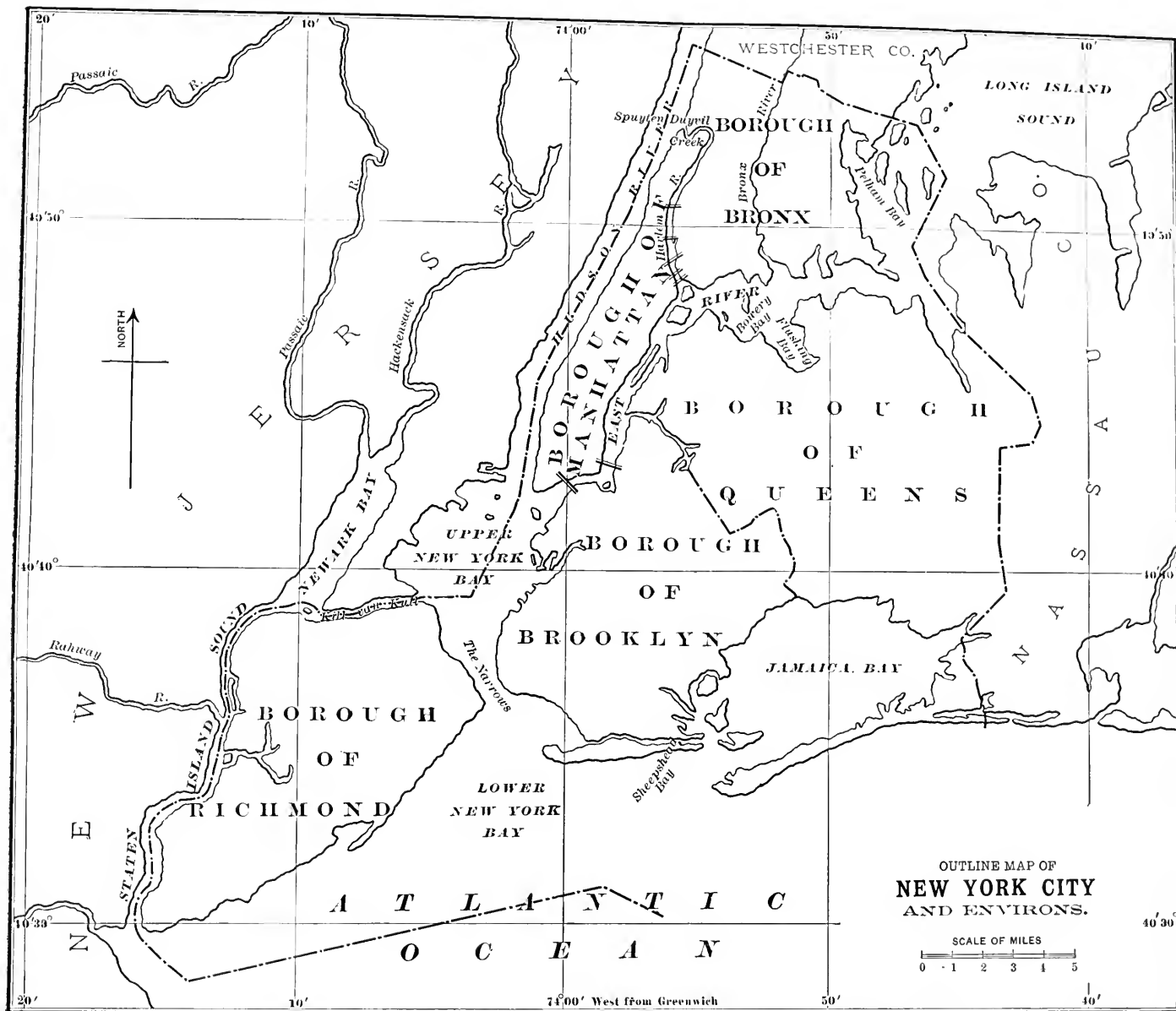
Our lives protect New York from wrong,
Our deeds defend her fame!

The ship that rides on yonder Bay
Has touched far India's strand.
It bears our golden grain away
To bless some distant land.
The iron-clad horse, with lightning speed,
And fire within its breast,
Lays at our door, to meet our need,
The riches of the West.

But city walls are strong in vain,
And wealth itself is poor,
If men seek not a nobler gain
In manly hearts secure.
The flag above, with fearless hearts
We'll dare to do the right,
We'll do our great, our humble parts
And right will make the might.

—*John Jerome Rooney.*



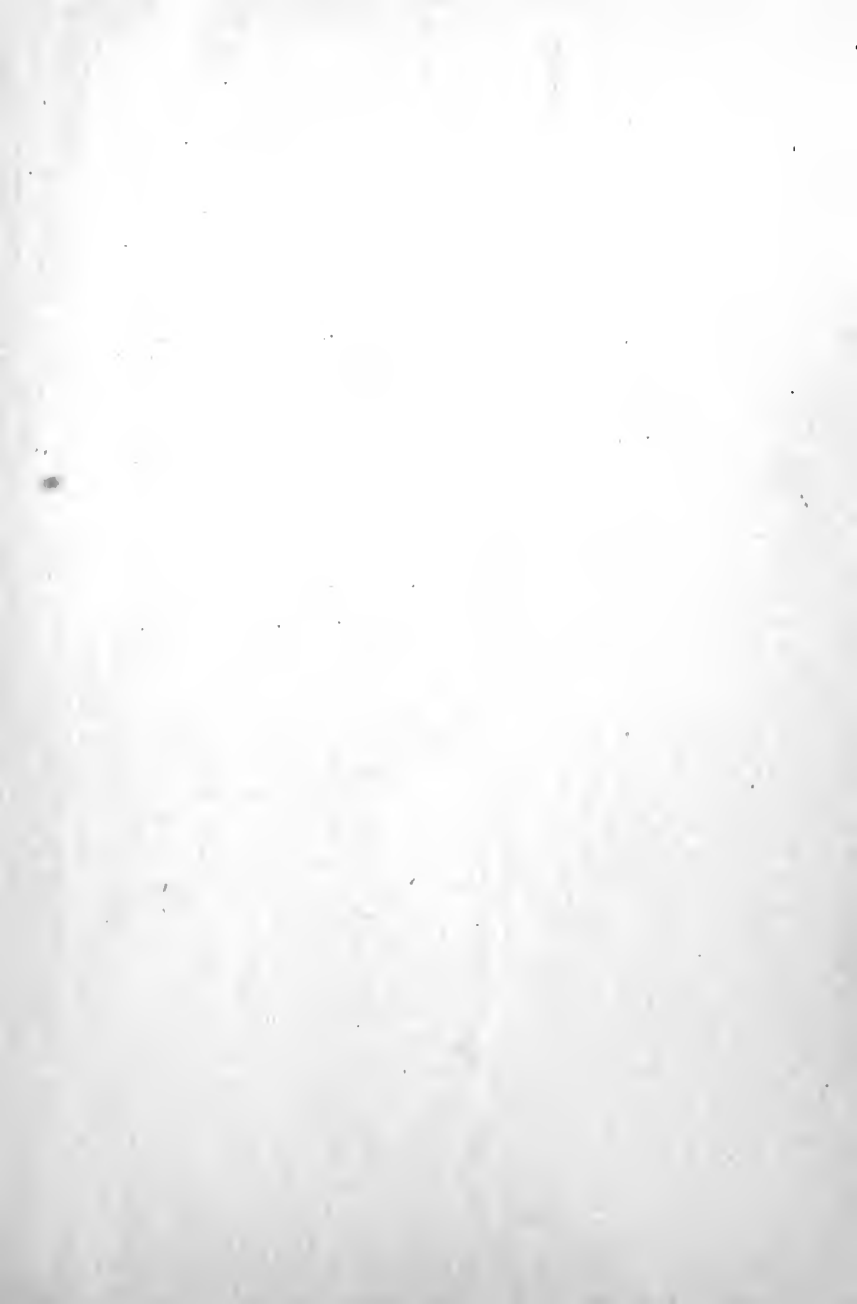












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